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FOR EVER!

BY T. D. C.

Shall our parting be for ever,
Will there be no coming day
When our hearts are reunited,
And life's sunbeams cheer our way?
When the sad farewell is spoken,
And the years roll on apace,
Will there come a brighter morning,
When we'll see each other's face?

Shall our parting be forever,
And our future life be drear,
When the bonds of love we sever,
And we go from friends so dear?
Will our waiting end in rupture,
If the heart is pure and true,
And we live for those who love us,
Since we spoke the sad adieu?

Shall our parting be forever,
With no sunshine in the way,
In a night of gloom and sorrow,
With no gleams of coming day?
Or when fairest flowers are withered,
And we dwell in pain and grief,
Will our hearts be reunited
In a love that brings relief?

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER OWN DECEPTION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"WHERE are you going to dinner this evening?" said Mina, as she came into the drawing-room of my mother's pretty house at South Kensington on the evening of the dinner-party at Lady Wilhelmina Hopeton's, for which I was dressed and waiting for the hour to start.

"At Lady Hopeton's," I replied. "Mina, you have not given me a buttonhole, and I really expected such a delicate attention from you."

She laughed.

"I forgot. What shall I get, Ronald?"

"Nay, I leave the choice to you," I rejoined, as I drew her hand within my arm, and we went into the little conservatory together.

"What shall it be?" she said meditatively. "Will you have a bit of geranium and maidenhair fern?"

"Not geranium," I answered hastily, thinking of a bit of geranium on the background of a gray riding-coat.

"Then something white;" and Mina broke off a little sprig of stephanotis, adding a bit of feathery maidenhair fern; and, standing on tiptoe, she fastened it in my buttonhole.

"What a great tall fellow you are, Ronald!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Well, are you not going to thank me? Is it not pretty?"

"Very pretty!" I answered, with a curious mixture of pleasure and pain in the heart beating under Mina's pretty little nosegay. "Thank you, little girl."

I stooped and touched her brow lightly with my lips; and we returned to the drawing-room just as the neat parlor-maid entered.

"The cab is waiting, sir."

"Very well, Maria, I am coming. Where is the mother, Mina?"

"I am here, my boy;" and my mother rose out of the depths of a great arm-chair, which she had occupied unseen for some minutes. "Good-night, Ronald!"

She kissed me with a little significant smile which puzzled me a little as, with a hurried "Good-night" to my cousin, I went down-stairs and gave the cabman directions to drive to Park Lane.

Lady Wilhelmina's house was small, but extremely dainty and artistic. I was admitted by a grave-looking butler, who looked, I thought, rather too big for the pretty little passage; and who took my overcoat with grave deliberation. Then he preceded me up the softly-carpeted staircase—midway in which was a little landing curtained off into a tiny sitting room, with flowers in it and lace curtains—and ushered me into a drawing-room lighted by soft wax-lights, which gave me a general impression of pale-colored satin hangings, flowers, and fragrance.

Half-a-dozen people were there already; and, as I bowed over my hostess's extended hand, I saw Lord Mavor and Miss Sutton in an inner room where there was a piano—they were turning over piles of music. In the other visitors I recognized the Marquis of Endstown, Colonel the Honorable Clement Dacre, and my friend Eugene.

By-and-by, two ladies came in, Lady Mary Towers and her daughter, with both of whom I was acquainted. Lady Juliet was not present; but, just as I was wondering whether she would be with us or no, she entered the room with a little bow which included all present, and, going up to Lady Wilhelmina, made a smiling apology for her tardy appearance. She was dressed in black satin trimmed with black lace; and round her throat on her wrists, and in the golden coils of her hair gleamed large fiery rubies.

Then the grave-looking butler announced dinner. Miss Towers was the lady whom I had to take down, Eugene took Lady Juliet, while the Marquis offered his arm to Lady Wilhelmina. I think his lordship heartily regretted being of the most exalted rank present, for he looked enviously at De la Ferte. Frank took Lady Mary, and Miss Sutton went down with Colonel Dacre.

The dinner-party was an amusing one; the guests were well-chosen, and conversation did not flag.

The epergne intercepted my view of Lady Juliet, but occasionally I caught a glimpse of the golden head.

Miss Towers was original and amusing and talked well, but somehow I too found myself envying De la Ferte, and wishing that there was no epergne.

When the ladies left us, we did not linger very long, but soon found our way to the drawing-room, where coffee was served, and where we found the ladies looking rather less bored and listless than ladies generally do in the circumstances.

Frank slipped into a chair beside Miss Sutton, and while I hesitated Lady Juliet gave me a little smile and moved her black satin drapery from the chair near her, making me a sign to sit down thereon.

I obeyed, with my heart beating fast and my hand a little unsteady.

"I thought I should not have an opportunity of speaking to you," she said smilingly. "I have a note from papa for you. I will give it to you by-and-by, and you must please remember when you read it that he is a very doting father and I am his only child. Did you get wet the other day in the Park?"

"No," I answered, coloring as I remembered my visit to Easterton's Library and the photograph I had purchased. Lady Juliet looked at me, and she colored also, as if she had seen my change of countenance.

"That was Miss Grey with you," she remarked. "I recognized her at once; but—pardon me for saying so—you have not done your cousin justice in your sketch."

"How, Lady Juliet?" I asked, smiling.

"You have made her face so impassive," she replied, still with the color hot in her cheek. "Her face is anything but expressionless, and it seems so from your portrait."

I bowed—Lady Juliet's assertion was made in a tone which seemed to admit of no reply.

"Why do you not answer?" she asked rather petulantly, in a moment. "Why do you not contradict me, Mr. Stanley? You know your cousin's face so well that you must know whether my criticism is right or wrong."

"I think you are both right and wrong," I returned quietly. "Mina's face lacks animation in the sketch because it does so always when in repose. The other day she was pleased and a little excited, and the pleasure and excitement gave her what her face usually lacks."

"Pleased and excited!" she repeated. "Why?"

"You must remember that Mina lives a very quiet life, Lady Juliet. And what to you is an every day occurrence, to her is a cause for great excitement from its rarity. Can you not make allowance for the bright summer day, the music, the people?"

"The shower and her cousin's presence," supplemented Lady Juliet, half archly, half shyly. "Ah, there is aunt Willie enlisting the Comte de la Ferte into her service for some music."

"Eugene," I said, "is perfectly happy when he is making music."

"Naturally. Are you not happy when you are making pictures?" she asked, smiling.

"I used to be," I answered impulsively. "I am not now."

"Why?"—and she lifted her great hazel eyes to mine. "You must not think me impertinent, Mr. Stanley; but indeed you have made me curious about your artist-life."

"Have I?" I said dreamily. "It is, on the whole, not an unhappy one, Lady Juliet. Formerly my work used to charm away every annoyance I had, and I used to find my greatest happiness in it."

"And now?" she questioned.

"Now——" I hesitated.

"Surely your work cannot quite satisfy you," she said hurriedly. "You, an artist in heart, must need something more."

"Do you think artists are not the same as other men?" I said, smiling. "I assure you, Lady Juliet, that except for fortune, which they generally lack, and for imagination, which they possess, or are supposed to possess, they are the same as most men you meet in society."

"How contemptuously you speak! Then if artists wish to succeed in their art, they must know no warmer affection than their love for it?"

"I did not say so, Lady Juliet."

"I inferred as much," she answered coloring. "Yet the greatest painters have known domestic ties and love."

I glanced at her curiously, this fair young girl who was speaking so strangely and eagerly.

"Domestic ties, perhaps," I answered not speaking as I felt, but speaking so as to draw her out if I could; "not love. If you had ever loved, Lady Juliet," I went on audaciously, "you would know that it is an absorbing passion which leaves room for no other. Moreover, your sex—pardon me, Lady Juliet; I am speaking from hearsay only—is naturally jealous; and women who love resent every moment which is not devoted to them, and, instead of making the happiness of the man they love, they make his misery."

"How?" she asked.

"Because they lose sight of the artist," I rejoined, smiling, "and are jealous of every thought given to the art he loves."

"I cannot understand that," she said softly.

"Nay, it is not likely you ever will," I answered, half sadly; and we were silent for a few moments.

"Then," she began again abruptly, "you have never loved, Mr. Stanley?"

"Never, Lady Juliet."

"And you hope to find your happiness in your profession?"

"I do find it there," I answered quietly.

"And are you going to renounce all nearer ties?" she asked. "How can you expect to be happy—I mean really happy?"

"Perhaps I do not expect it. Perhaps I think life has nobler aims than happiness, Lady Juliet. Perhaps, if I had a wife whom I loved and children to make my life bright I should forget my art and prove unfaithful to the love to which I have vowed allegiance."

"I remember reading somewhere," she said, "an assertion to the effect that happy women never write—never become authoresses, I mean. Do you think that it is a true one?"

"I do not know. Perhaps the gift of genius is given to compensate for the denial of the dearer gifts of wifehood and motherhood to some; but there are so many women who write nowadays that I should be sorry to think they were all unhappy women."

"I have so often wished to be a great writer, or even a great actress"—and she looked at me with wondering innocent eyes—"to win applause and fame."

"Ah, do not!" I answered quickly. "You do not know what you are wishing for. It is not that I suppose we men have a monopoly of brains; the contrary has been fully proved; but publicity of any kind is not a woman's province. She cannot be happy in it, if she be a true woman; she is too sensitive, too eager for the approbation of those she loves, too easily cast down by blame, or elated by praise. Fame is not easily won, Lady Juliet, as those who try for it find all too quickly, and the few who win it do not always find their happiness in it."

"Ah, they must!" she said quickly.

"Must they?" I answered sorrowfully. "But they do not."

Lady Juliet sighed, then rose abruptly.

"Will you come and see the moonlight on the park?"

She led the way on to the balcony, where she rested her white arms on the rails, and looked dreamily away over the park, on which the moon—which was at its full—shone with a pale silvery sheen.

"It is beautiful, is it not?" she said. "But wait till you have seen Dammer by moonlight. Ah, I had almost forgotten!"

She took a letter from an embroidered pocket hanging by her side, and gave it to me; the white fingers met mine for a moment. I wonder if they felt the tremor which ran through my frame at her light touch, and whether she saw how my hand shook as it took the letter from hers. If she did, she made no sign.

"Shall I get you a wrap, Lady Juliet?" I asked.

"Thank you, I am not cold," she answered softly.

I think the stillness of the evening and the silvery moon had touched her. Her beautiful face looked moved and softened, and there was even a pathetic wistfulness in her eyes.

Suddenly some one within began to sing, and the words of the song reached the quiet moonlit balcony. The air was a soft and melancholy one, the accompaniment an occasional dreamy chord; the words were as follows,—

"I, from a rich plain, was gazing
Towards the snowy mountains high,
Who their gleaming peaks were raising
Up against the purple sky.
And the glory of their shining,
Bathed in clouds of rosy light,
Set my weary spirit pining
For a home so pure and bright.

"So I left the plain, and weary,
Fainting, yet with hope sustained,
Toiled through pathways long and dreary,
Till the mountain top was gained.
Lo, the height that I had taken
As so shining from below
Was a desolate, forsaken
Region of perpetual snow!

"I am faint, my feet are bleeding,
All my feeble strength is worn,
In the plain no soul is heeding;
I am here alone, forlorn.
Lights are shining, bells are tolling
In the busy vale below;
Fear me night's black clouds are rolling,
Gathering o'er a waste of snow."

There was a short pause then; I could see Lady Juliet's lips quiver,

"She was a famous woman," I said softly. She made no reply, and in a moment the singer went on—

"So I watch the river winding
Through the misty fading plain,
Bitter are the tear-drops blinding,
Bitter useless toil and pain.
Bitterest of all the finding
That my dream was false and vain."

"I am converted," said Lady Juliet tremulously. "I do not want to be a great poet."

"It is best to be a great lady," I answered her, with a smile; and so she too smiled, but a sigh followed the smile.

That night, as the hansom took me home to Elm Walk, I recollected the letter Lady Juliet had given to me. I took it out carefully—the paper which she had touched—looking at it tenderly; it had about it something sacred in my eyes. It was a civil but rather distant note from the Earl of Danmer, asking me to spend a fortnight at Danmer Park, and requesting me, if I could spare the time, to prolong my visit sufficiently to make a portrait of Lady Juliet.

I smiled to myself as I read it, and thought of the gentle heart of the great lady who had said to soften the *hauteur* of her father's note, "Remember, he is a very doting father, and I am his only child." An only child and an Earl's daughter! Ah me!

CHAPTER IV.

DO you think it is prudent to go, Ronald?" said my mother gently.

"Prudent mother! And why not?" I asked, without looking at her, for I knew as well as she did what her answer would be.

"Because Lady Juliet is young and beautiful, dear. You are going too, and not so very ugly;" and she smiled. "You are not invulnerable, either of you."

"My dear mother, Lady Juliet would as soon think of falling in love with a Royal Highness as with a poor painter!" I said, with a laugh which was more than half bitter.

We were at Seaton, my mother, Mina, and I, living in a quaint pretty little villa on the cliff, and luxuriating in the lovely scenery, the beautiful coast, the deep, deep sea, and the beach. There were a good many visitors in the little Devonshire watering-place; but somehow they all seemed to have come to the sea-side to enjoy sea-bathing and sea air, not to see one another's dresses and bonnets, or to hear concerts or to go to assembly rooms. Most of the women wore print dresses and mushroom or Dolly Varden hats, the men serge or linen suits and various kinds of shady headgear; chimneypot hats only appeared on Sundays, and not even then sometimes, when most of the strangers went to the pretty little parish church.

It had been a pleasant time, our stay at Seaton. We had left London habits behind us; even my dear mother did not object to dining at all hours of the day, or to our sitting for hours together on the beach making a pretence of reading, in reality doing nothing. Once too I had induced her to climb over the cliff-path to Beer; but it was a trial to her nerves, and we came home by the lanes, the sweet Devonshire lanes, think with verdure and the hedgerows bright with wild flowers.

Mina had got some color in her cheeks too, which pleased us both, and she was sitting a few feet from us on the shingle making friends with some sunburnt rosy little urchins with spades and buckets.

"People fall in love without thinking of it," my mother went on. "Even if there is no danger for her, there may be danger for you, Ronald;" and she laid her gentle hand on my shoulder.

"Nonsense, mother mine," I answered, "You need not fear. My visit to Danmer is solely a business affair; I am engaged to paint Lady Juliet's picture. His lordship has been exceedingly considerate about it; and, if he asked me for a week during the shooting-season, I suppose it's on Lord Mayor's account."

My mother was silent for a time.

"I should like to see you happily married, Ronald," she said in a moment.

"What, and give you a daughter-in-law?" I replied, smiling.

"Why not, if she be nice?—and I know my fastidious son would not choose any but a nice woman."

"Ah, you don't know, dear!" I said dreamily.

"You have not already chosen, Ronald?" she asked quickly.

"Of course not, mother. Have you?"

"Yes," she answered calmly; and I looked up into her face with quick inquiry.

"Who, mother?"

She made no answer, but following the direction of her glance, I saw that she fixed her eyes on Mina.

"Do you mean Mina?" I asked.

"Yes—Mina. She is like a daughter to me now, Ronald; make her one indeed."

"But," I said, feeling, and I dare say looking, troubled, "Mina is like a sister."

My mother laughed.

"Sisters we have by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing,"

she quoted gaily. I shook my head.

"Mina does not love me," I said dubiously; "nor do I love her."

"She does love you," returned my mother eagerly. "She loves you passionately. Ronald, do not deceive yourself into thinking her cold because she is naturally reserved and quiet; there are great depths of tenderness in your cousin, and you can stir them."

"Mother, you are mistaken—I hope—I think you are mistaken," I said sorrowfully.

"Why do you hope' Ronald?" she asked quickly. "Mina is sweet, true, and good. You cannot fail to love her; I believe you care for her now."

"I do care for her, but not as a man should care for his wife," I answered hastily, rising from my lounging posture. "Do not speak of it again, mother."

My mother sighed slightly; but I saw that she was not quite convinced, I wondered how I should make her understand that my cousin could never be more to me than she was at present.

The next afternoon I started for Danmer, which was about thirty miles from Seaton. It was very pleasant traveling through the fair southern county; and as we flew past cottages standing amid fruit-trees, and gardens rich in autumn flowers, fields shorn of their golden grain, and woods with dashes of gold amid their green, I was really conscious of but one thought, that in a short hour I should see Lady Juliet Gilmore. Verily my mother's fears had some foundation.

It was about five o'clock when I arrived at Welminster, which was the station for Danmer, and I had scarcely had time to get out of the train when I was addressed by Lord Mayor.

"Come along, old fellow," he said gaily, quickly slipping his arm within mine. "Juliet is here herself; and I can tell you you are the only guest to whom she has done such honor."

Two carriages were waiting outside the station—a phaeton in which Lord Mayor had driven over with his *fiancee*, and a dainty little carriage drawn by the most perfect pair of ponies, which Lady Juliet drove herself.

"We thought we would come to meet you on our drive, Mr. Stanley," she said, smiling, giving me a tiny, gauntleted hand. "You are not too big for my little pony-carriage, are you?"

Then we drove off, Lord Mayor ahead, the pony-carriage close behind.

Lady Juliet made an occasional remark, which I answered almost mechanically, for the sudden subtle mixture of pleasure and pain which had made my heart throb to suffocation at sight of Lady Juliet would no longer let me deceive myself as to the nature of my feelings for her.

"People fall in love without thinking of it," my mother had said; but I knew in my inmost soul that I had thought of it, that from the first moment when my eyes met Lady Juliet Gilmore's I had loved. I knew too that I had been reckless, that instead of fleeing from the temptation, I had let myself bask in the sunshine of her presence; I had let my thoughts dwell upon her beauty and her sweetness, forgetting that she was an Earl's only daughter and I but a poor painter.

"Well, do you admire our bonnie Devon?" she said at length, turning to me with her sweet bewildering smile.

"I have no words with which to express my admiration," I answered. "But I have been in Devonshire for the last six weeks, Lady Juliet."

"In Devon!" she repeated. "Where?"

"At Seaton."

"At Seaton! I have been there, the coast is lovely. Where you alone?"

"No, Lady Juliet; my mother and my cousin are there."

Lady Juliet made no answer, but she gave the ponies a smart touch of the whip, and we went on rapidly through "bonnie Devon;" and, if I had not been so full of one thought, one presence, I should not have failed to admire the lovely landscape.

"You are silent, Lady Juliet," I said, after a pause.

"I am not accountable to you for my mood," she answered, with the first touch of haughtiness I had ever seen in Lady Juliet.

"I beg your pardon," I said gravely.

There was another long silence; we had turned into the Park and were rapidly approaching the beautiful home of which she was mistress. In the distance I could see the stately red brick Elizabethan mansion, with ivy clambering over one side, with its quaint windows and great iron-studded hall-door. Then Lady Juliet turned to me.

"You must forgive me for being so cross, Mr. Stanley," she said, with a sweet shy smile. "I am a spoiled child, you know." I bowed in silence.

"You are not angry?" she asked quickly.

"Angry—with you, Lady Juliet? Is that possible?" I said smiling, although I felt that I had grown pale, and that she must have seen that my smile was a forced one.

We went up the steps together and entered the great vaulted hall, side by side.

"Welcome to Danmer," she said, with a sweet graciousness which suited her well; and she put out her little hand to me.

For one moment I lost my head, and, stooping over her little gloved hand, touched it with my lips. She made no remark, she showed no surprise, but led the way to the library, where she introduced me to the Earl—a handsome stately-looking man, rather above middle age, who received me graciously if coldly.

Then Lady Juliet who was evidently, as she said, a spoilt child and the light of her father's eyes, took me away to show me the studio where I was to work, a pretty little oak-panelled room with a good north light.

"You like it?" she said eagerly. "I am so glad. Come down to the hall now and I will give you some tea."

Tea was served on an oak table at one end of the hall. The guests came in one by one, chiefly ladies; and by-and-by the men returned from shooting and gathered round the table. There was a good deal of chatting and laughing, and not a little flirtation. The sight was a pretty and picturesque one—the grand old hall with its stately proportions and stained windows, the shining armor on the walls, the lofty carved mantelpiece, the ebony cabinets and carved chests and ancient china bowls, the fair smiling women in their rich attire, and the men in their rough but picturesque garb making the required contrast; Lady Juliet's peerless beauty queening it over all.

Presently the dressing-bell rang, and we separated. When I found myself in the solitude of my own room, I threw myself into a chair, and an overwhelming tide of sadness rushed over me. If I had been a woman, I should have wept for very heaviness of heart; but, being a man, the relief of tears was denied me.

The days slipped by quickly at Danmer Park; soon the shooting-party dispersed, and only a few friends remained, I among the rest, for I had begun Lady Juliet's portrait; and, as it was to be large and life-size, it would be a work of time. She sat to me regularly every day, and I worked steadily, longing for yet dreading the ordeal to end, and feeling that the restraint I was forced to put upon myself in my intercourse with her was draining away my strength as surely as physical suffering can do, and graving lines many and deep on my face. For I loved her madly, passionately, with a wild unreasoning love which was stronger than myself—a love which I could not conquer—a love which would end but with life, although I knew its hopelessness.

Hitherto I had kept my secret well; I thought none of them—not Frank, absorbed in Mabel Sutton, or Mabel, perfectly wrapt up in Frank, had guessed it—not the Earl certainly, or he would not have his beautiful daughter come morning after morning and sit to me alone.

Not Lady Juliet—ah no! Perhaps she, as the Earl doubtless did, thought that the immensity of distance which lay between us, put all idea of love or even friendship out of my mind.

I had no one to blame—no one but myself was in fault. I had laid the burden on my own shoulders, so I must carry it to the end. I was young still, and many years would have to pass before I could win peace.

* * * * * *

The picture was nearly finished—another day would see its completion, and the painter would leave the stately mansion with his colors and brushes, and a cheque from the Earl of Danmer in his pocket-book side by side with a bit of withered stephanotis, which he treasured there still, poor fool!

Yes, that morning Lady Juliet was coming to me for her last sitting. The Earl had expressed warm approval of my work; he had even said he should like the picture to be exhibited at the Royal Academy next year; and I had bowed in quite acquiescence although a pang of fierce joy had passed through me at the thought that I should not be completely shut out.

But this was madness. I started up from my stool and, crossing over to the window, I opened it wide to admit the cool fresh air. It was a bright October morning, clear and cold, and the breeze was grateful to me after the long night spent in pacing up and down my room in sleepless anguish. My heart was throbbing, my lips were dry and parched, my hand unsteady. I was wondering how I should get through the morning. She would be there in a moment. I left the window and sat down before the picture.

Lady Juliet was represented standing, turning her face towards the spectator, her hands loosely clasped, with a sprig of stephanotis between her fingers. The background was a heavy velvet curtain, and against its sombre folds the white drapery of the morning dress she wore stood forth clearly and softly. Her dress was pure white, and she had no touch of color about her save in her cheeks and lips and in the golden sheen of her lovely hair.

The door opened, and she came in with her graceful step, holding out her hand with her bright gay smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Stanley," she said, as I rose and bowed, feigning not to see the white fingers I dared not touch. "At work already! Are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

"You will be glad when these tiresome sittings are over," I answered as calmly as I could. "You have been most patient, Lady Juliet."

"I have enjoyed them;" she said, as she crossed over to her seat. "Even the scoldings you have given me have not been disagreeable. But"—her voice changed quickly—"are you not well, Mr. Stanley? You look so pale!"

"I am quite well. Will you kindly turn your head just a shade to the left?"

"I wish you would give up work for today"—and she looked at me with troubled eyes. "You have been working too hard lately. You look quite ill this morning."

"I did not sleep well," I answered coldly; "but I am all right, I assure you, Lady Juliet. A shade to the left—so; thank you."

"Are you returning to Seaton when you leave us?" she asked, after a long silence.

"No; my mother is in London."

"Then you will go to her there?"

"No; to my own place—to Elm Walk," I replied quietly. "You have altered your position, Lady Juliet."

"Forgive me," she said penitently. "You are going back to the dear old studio then," she resumed in a moment—"to the river and to the flowers.

"To the November fogs and wintry mists," I answered, with a bitter smile. "It is not always summer, Lady Juliet."

"I forgot," she said; "your studio is always associated with sunlight and music and flowers. I do not forget that happy hour we spent there. It is one of the pleasantest recollections of the season."

I looked up suddenly, my heart beating fast. What did she mean by such talk? Nothing. The beautiful face looked quite unconscious—she meant nothing. I resumed my work in silence.

"You will come to us again when you have time, Mr. Stanley?" she said then.

"Your society has given papa much pleasure. Shall I tell you a compliment he paid you the other day?" she added laughingly. "He says you are the most perfect type of an English gentleman one could wish to see."

"The Earl is too good," I answered stiffly.

"When will you come?" she went on in a moment.

"I shall not come to Danmer again, Lady Juliet," I said suddenly, my heart throbbing to suffocation.

"Not come again! Why not?" she asked, lifting her eyes to mine.

My hand trembled so violently that the brush slipped from my fingers; there was a rushing sound in my ears, and a kind of oppression in the atmosphere. Was my calmness giving way? Should I betray myself?

"Why not?" she repeated in a tone of surprise and with eyes lifted to mine.

I wondered dimly if she could see the change in my face. I could not answer her; twice I made an effort to speak, but no words came.

I saw her face change from smiling unconsciousness to concern; but no idea of the truth struck her even then.

"What is the matter?" she said softly; and I threw aside my palette with a groan and covered my face with my hands.

For a moment there was silence; then she moved over to my side and put her hand softly on my shoulder.

"What is the matter?" she repeated gently. "Are you in trouble, Mr. Stanley? Can we do anything?"

I lifted my face from my hands.

"Oh, you are ill!" she went on anxiously. "Let me call assistance. You are suffering greatly."

She turned to go to the bell; but, as she was about to move away, I put my hand on her dress to detain her.

"Do not ring—do not call," I said in a husky muffled voice; and then I fell at her feet and still holding the white folds of her dress in my hand, I told her the madness which had attacked me.

As I spoke, I saw the beautiful face change and grow proud, stern and set; and she averted her eyes from mine.

"You forget yourself strangely," she said in a strange voice cold, haughty, and metallic. "If you had been what we thought you, you would have spared yourself and me." I stood humbled, shamed, and repentant before her. She looked at me now, her hazel eyes flashing with an angry light, her lips curled in scorn.

"You must have mistaken your vocation," she went on, with a mocking smile. "You ought to have been an actor, Mr. Stanley. That outburst of yours would have told capitally on the stage. It is not too late, is it?"

The words pierced like knives; but I could not answer her. I only knew that I had staked my all on one cast and had lost.

"Why do you not speak?" she said petulantly. "Is the pretty comedy over? Then, with thanks for the interest you have professed to feel for me, I will wish you good morning."

"Stay yet one moment, I pray you," I said brokenly, "if it be only long enough to say that you pardon the madness which urged me to break the seal I had placed on my lips. I love you; I loved you from the first moment I saw you. Think then of the restraint I have been forced to put upon myself—think of all I have suffered since I came here, and pity me if you can. I knew my love could bring me nothing but pain and contempt; and yet one cannot control love, Lady Juliet, as you will know perhaps some day."

"Is that all?" she asked haughtily.

"No; one word more," I pleaded brokenly. "Can you not say one word of pardon to make my future life less hard? Do you think my lot is not hard enough that you add to it the 'burden of your disdain'?"

"You act well," she replied contemptuously—she had moved to the door, and was standing with one hand on the chased brass handle—"very well. Have you been practicing with your pretty cousin?"

I lifted my eyes and fixed them upon her face—something in my glance made her droop her own, and the color rose to her brow.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I need detain you no longer. Pardon me if you can; in any case you will forget my folly? Good-bye!"

She inclined her head, opened the door, and disappeared. For a moment I stood still; then, covering my face with my hands, I broke into sobs—hard tearless sobs which I could not restrain, and which, strong man though I was, shook me from head to foot. Once, as I stood there, I fancied I heard a soft footfall besides me; but when I lifted my head, I was alone—alone, with the picture of Lady Juliet smiling down at me, as I were, in mockery for my pain.

The next day I left Danmer, without having seen her again; but the Earl's manner was still kindly and gracious, which showed me that Lady Juliet had kept silence, and he told me that she had gone to spend a day or two with the Duchess of Merewether.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Do you mean to say my complaint is a dangerous one?" Doctor—"A very dangerous one, my dear friend. Still, people have been known to recover from it; so you must not give up all hope. But recollect one thing—your only chance is to keep a cheerful frame of mind, and avoid everything like depression of spirits."

TWO WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great arm chair;
Balmy sweet is the soft Spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane.

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress,
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—
Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Up from the orchard's flowery bloom
Floats fragrance sweet to the dark'ning room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
And a softer light steals into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,
And twining roses in her hair.

Once again, blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from her their weary pain;
She is clasped in her lover's arms again!

The last faint glimmers of daylight die;
Stars tremble out of the purple sky

Ere Dora flits up the garden path,
Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath.

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair,
She nestles down by the old arm chair,

"Grandma—Dick says—may we—may I—"
The faltering voice grows strangely shy.

But grandma presses the little hand;
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!

"He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain
Did grandma dream she was a girl again.

She gently twists a shining curl;
"Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!

"Take the world's treasures—it's noblest, best—
And love will outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold
Streams on two heads—one gray, one gold.

Love Works Wonders.

BY CRUX.

MR. DAVIS!" shouted Miss Perdilla, who was servant in general to the Davis family; will you come to tea? I've been calling you for the last half hour and have received no answer. Mr. Davis! I say."

"Very well! very well!" mildly replied that individual, raising his head from among a number of books and papers, "I'll come immediately. Then to himself: "How shall I finish that sentence and get to the next period?" Turning to a sheet of paper upon which he had been working he read:

"Philosophy, the mother of all sciences; the benefactor of all mankind, and the giant of the Nineteenth century. About her cluster memories of achievements which have startled the world and—"

"There!" muttered Mr. D. in a voice which betrayed annoyance, "I can never reach beyond that point. For months I have worked unceasingly at this book, scarcely giving myself time for my meals, and this sentence, the only one which suits me, I can never complete. Like Tantalus; what I desire is ever before me, yet I cannot reach it. But," continued Mr. D. with a sigh, "I suppose I must go to supper, or that troublesome Perdilla will be here again."

Fixing his cane firmly in the carpet, he walked slowly out of the study. Upon entering the dining-room, Mr. Davis was accosted by his sister with "Why don't you come to your dinner before all the things are cold? Potatoes, meat, everything has lost its proper taste while you have been at work upon an old disgusting book."

"Why, my dear! replied Mr. Davis, "the book is not old; in fact it has not as yet been evolved from this brain," and Mr. Davis tapped his forehead affectionately. "My dear sister you cannot appreciate the importance of this work; of the Philosophia Mundi as I shall call it. In it I shall treat of every conceivable subject. I shall deny the truth of the Copernican system and give to Kepler his true deserts. I shall destroy old systems, establish new and—"

"Mr. Davis take something to eat," interrupted his sister; "I know if I were to allow you to go on you would continue until death from starvation interrupted further utterance."

After the meal was finished Mr. D. leaned back and addressed his sister:—

"Do you know Jane, I have thought of securing the services of an amanuensis. The book weighs upon me. I feel the fatigue more and more every day."

"Why," asked his sister with a laugh, "do you desire anyone else to twist and contort the remnants of a sentence with which you have been playing gymnastics for the past six months?"

Mr. D. seemed displeased at his sister's levity, and said rather sharply, "I am surprised Jane that you should talk in this manner; but I can easily account for it in the utter ignorance with which you speak of a work which will embalm my memory and make me the familiar of generations yet unborn. I am determined," continued Mr. D., as he left the room, "to have an assistant. I shall write the advertisement at once."

Next morning the following appeared in a prominent paper:

"A gentleman who is engaged in writing an important book desires the services of a young lady as amanuensis; apply between the hours of 9 and 10 at 962 North Walton street."

"Why did you advertise for a young lady?" inquired his sister as soon as she saw the notice.

"Because, I admire loveliness," answered Mr. D.

"A young and beautiful girl to write what I dictate; why I should drink inspiration at every glance, feel that I had Parnassus in my library and Helicon in my ice-cooler. My book, the child of my mature years will then progress rapidly and satisfactorily." Not waiting to hear his sister's angry reply Mr. D. left the room.

Not many days after this a lovely girl was installed as amanuensis to Mr. D. The first day after the arrival of Miss Kemp, the young assistant, Mr. D. congratulated himself upon having finished the first page of Philosophia Mundi. But as their widely different characters became more intimately acquainted, the blue liquid eye of Miss Kemp appeared to have more and more attractiveness for Mr. Davis. Lost in dreamy contemplation of her exquisite features that gentleman forgot the great book and the inestimable benefit which he was withholding from the world.

As they sat in the old study surrounded by books, they presented a picture lovely and curious. On the one hand, Spring with its beauty and freshness, and the other Autumn with its decaying power and vigor. The young girl wondered at the slowness with which the work progressed, and on one occasion suggested that Mr. D. might easily do it himself. But to this, he replied that at present he was indisposed; that like Milton, he had periods when his thoughts flowed sluggishly, and that in a short time he would be prepared to work more energetically. One bright morning when everything without was made glad by the smile of the sun, Mr. D. sat as usual in his sanctum, buried in thought; before him ready to write anything which might find its way to the mouth of the philosopher, through his teeming brain, was seated Miss Kemp.

"Hollingsworth is right," he said half aloud, half to himself; "woman is the echo of God's own voice pronouncing. It is well done, Miss Kemp," he added, abruptly addressing that lady. "You may have wondered at my strange abstraction and may have attributed it to my love for this work; but that is not the cause. No," he continued, not heeding the words which rose to his companion's lips, "it was your sweet face and touching voice which caused this neglect; this total disregard for a book in which I had previously centered all my affections. And now! Miss Kemp," he went on, "after many weeks of thought, centuries it seemed to me, which were rendered necessary by the difference in our ages, and the proposition I am about to make, I offer you my heart and hand."

She blushed and faltered, and then consented. She was alone in the world, and his kindness had won her love. Mr. Davis' sister and Miss Perdilla having been notified of the change which had taken place in the relationship between Mr. D. and Miss Kemp, preparations were made for the wedding.

The wedding morn dawned clear and the sun throwing its light upon the glistening dewdrops made the garden of Mr. D. look like a field of glistening diamonds. Nature indeed rejoiced at the coming union of the silver and the golden of the old and benign with the young and right.

The marriage was a quiet unostentatious ceremony, and fitly symbolized the two lives that were made one.

Under the influence of the wife the book was forgotten, and the thoughtful philosopher became the happy, interested and interesting husband and father.

He afterwards used to say that he had got around the troublesome period in a most satisfactory manner, and that the present period was the pleasantest and happiest he had ever known.

A Haunted Ship.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE world abounds with ghost-stories, but it is exceedingly difficult to get them at first hand; that is to say, from persons who have actually seen the ghosts: this may be the reason why they have fallen into some discredit with the dubious. I once, however, heard a story of the kind from one who came within an ace of being an eye-witness, and who believed in it most honestly.

He was a worthy captain of the sea: a native either of Nantucket or Martha's Vineland, I forget which; at any rate, a place noted for its breed of hardy mariners. I met with him in the ancient city of Seville, having anchored with his brig in the Guadalquiver, in the course of a wandering voyage.

Our conversation, one day, turned upon the wonders and adventures of the sea, where, he informed me, that among his multifarious cruisings, he had once made a voyage on board a haunted ship. It was a vessel that had been met with drifting, half-dismantled, and with flagging sails, about the seas near the Gulf of Florida, between the mainland and the Bahama banks. Those who boarded her, found her without a living soul on board; the hatchways were broken open; the cargo had been rifled; the decks fore and aft were covered with blood; the shrouds and rigging were smeared with the same, as if some wretched beings had been massacred as they clung to them; it was evident that the ship had been plundered by pirates, and, to all appearance, the crew had been murdered and thrown overboard.

The ship was taken possession of by the finders, and brought to Boston, in New England; but the sailors who navigated her to port declared they would not make such another voyage for all the wealth of Peru. They had been harrassed the whole way by the ghosts of the murdered crew; who at night would come up out of the companion-way and the forecastle, run up the shrouds, station themselves on the yards, and at the mast-heads, and appear to perform all the usual duties of the ship.

As no harm had resulted from this ghostly seamanship, the story was treated lightly, and the vessel was fitted out for another voyage; but when ready for sea, no sailors could be got to embark in her.

She lay for some time in Boston harbor, regarded by the superstitious seamen as a fated ship; and there she might have rotted had not the worthy captain who related to me the story, undertaken to command her. He succeeded in getting some hardy tars, who stood less in awe of ghosts, to accompany him, and his brother-in-law sailed with him as chief-mate.

When they had got fairly to sea, the hobgoblin crew began to play their pranks. At night there would be the deuce to play in the hold; such racketing and rummaging as if the whole cargo was overhauled; bales tumbled about, and boxes broke open; and sometimes it seemed as if all the ballast was shifted from side to side.

All this was heard with dismay by the sailors; and even the captain's brother-in-law, who appears to have been a very sagacious man, was exceedingly troubled at it. As to the captain himself, he honestly confessed to me that he never saw nor heard anything; but then he slept soundly, and, when once asleep, was hard to be awakened.

Notwithstanding all these ghostly vagaries, the ship arrived safe at the destined end of her voyage, which was one of the South American rivers under the line.

The captain proposed to go, in his boat, to a town some distance up the river, leaving his ship in charge of his brother-in-law. The latter said he would anchor her opposite to an island in the river, where he could go on shore at night, and yet be on hand to keep guard upon her; but that nothing should tempt him to sleep on board. The crew all swore the same.

The captain could not reasonably object to such an arrangement; so the ship was anchored opposite the island, and the captain departed on his expedition.

For a time all went well; the brother-in-law and his sagacious comrades regularly abandoned the ship at nightfall, and slept on shore; the ghosts then took command, and the ship remained as quietly at anchor as though she had been manned by living bodies instead of hobgoblin spirits.

One night, however, the captain's brother-in-law was awakened by a tremendous storm.

He hastened to the shore. The sea was lashed up in foaming and roaring surges; the rain came down in torrents—the lightning flashed—the thunder bellowed.

It was one of those sudden tempests only known at the tropics. The captain's brother-in-law cast a rueful look at the poor tossing and laboring ship.

He saw numbers of uncouth beings busy about her, who were only to be described by the flashes of lightning, or by pale fires that gilded about the rigging; he heard occasionally the piping of a boatswain's whistle, or the bellowing of a hoarse voice from a speaking-trumpet. The ghosts were evidently striving to save the ship; but a tropical storm is sometimes an overmatch for ghost, or goblin.

In a word the ship parted her cables, drove before the wind, stranded on the rocks, and there she laid her bones.

When the captain returned from his expedition up the river, he found his late gallant vessel a mere hulk, and received this wonderful account of her fate from his sagacious brother-in-law.

Whether the wreck continued to be haunted or not, he could not inform me; and I forgot to ask whether the owners recovered anything from the underwriters, who rarely insure against accidents from ghosts.

Such is one of the nearest chances I have ever had of getting to the fountainhead of a ghost story.

I have often since regretted that the captain should have been so sound a sleeper, and that I did not see his brother-in-law.

MOHAMMEDAN BOYS.—In Albania as, might be expected, in the education of Mohammedan boys, the military element predominates, and the boys between 12 and 15 years of age form guilds which hold feasts similar to those of the men, usually in the month of March. To obtain the necessary funds for these a committee is chosen, composed of the lowest and most impudent of the members. These parade the streets and roads, and importune the people they meet until they bestow a few piastars. The Catholics especially are attacked, these being known as the "cowardly rabble." In fact they rarely refuse a contribution, through fear of being maltreated. The committee then visit the houses of their kinsmen and acquaintances, and compel these also to contribute. As soon as the necessary sum is obtained the fete is opened with a feast, followed by gymnastic games. Prize-fights are performed and a mimic battle fought, in which stones take the place of fire-arms. After one of the sides has been defeated, and most of the combatants adorned with blue eyes and bleeding mouths, the victors march home with flying colors, shouting a horrible war song, while the vanquished slink away in shame.

How quickly we forget the rules of arithmetic as learned in school is shown in the fact that a prominent dry-goods merchant in Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer: If four men build a wall five feet high in four days, how long will it take six men to build a wall eight feet high in seven days?

Bric-a-Brac.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Originated in 1557, but it became a household saying when put by John Bunyan, into his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

SILK AS PAPER.—In China large pieces of silk, often with sacred sentences written on them, are offered to the gods and it is estimated that in the temples of Confucius alone about 30,000 yards of silk are buried in this way. The Imperial Court at Pekin issues its edicts on silk in the imperial color (yellow,) and the accrediting documents of ambassadors to foreign Courts are now also of the same material.

THE SHOE-BLACK PLANT.—This is the name popularly given to a plant in New South Wales. Growing freely, the plant is frequently cultivated for the flowers, which, when dry, are used as a substitute for blacking. The flowers contain a large proportion of grimy juice, which, when evenly applied, gives a glossy, varnish-like appearance, which perfectly replaces ordinary blacking. It is perfectly cleanly in use, and can be applied in a few moments. Four or five flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are required for each boot, and a polishing brush may be applied afterward.

THE ESQUIMAUX WIFE.—The Esquimaux husband knows the value of a wife. It is a little cold in his country, and building the snow huts the men wear long mittens made of reindeer fur, which are carried in the sledge until wanted for use. Naturally they become frozen and stiff, and it is the wife's business to thaw them for her lord's use by placing them in her bosom next to her skin, that they may be ready when he needs them. If she fails to do this she must put them on her own hands before her husband attempts to wear them. One can understand that the Esquimaux travels as a rule, accompanied by his wife.

VEGETABLES AND FEASTS.—Vegetables always figured largely in ancient feasts. Sometimes they were broiled in ashes, or stewed in milk. Lentils, such as the Germans and French use to-day, were favorites with them, so, too, were garlic, gourds and watermelons. They used leeks, onions, cucumbers and imported fruits, in addition to dates, grapes and figs that they cultivated. The workman who built the pyramids lived on a sort of vegetable diet, known as "raphanus," a mixture of turnip, radish, onions, garlic and lentils. King Menses first introduced artificial cookery, and insisted upon having stewed relishes, "made dishes" in fact, instead of food plainly roasted and boiled.

"THEY SAY."—Menno, the peaceful enthusiast to whom the sect of Mennonites is indebted for its name, proved in the early days of the Reformation a special source of annoyance to the Spanish rulers of the Netherlands. It is related by a recent writer on Holland that, but for a timely equivocation uttered by Menno himself, Mennonism would have been crushed out almost immediately after its birth. Some Spanish soldiers, searching for Menno, stopped a carriage in which he was traveling, and inquired whether he was among the passengers. Menno asked of each individual passenger if his name was Menno, and, being answered of course in the negative, replied to the officer in command of the soldiers, "They say he is not here." Since then a "Mennonite falsehood" has been equivalent among the Dutch to our own "white lie."

THE TROJAN HORSE.—This was a monstrous image of a horse, made of wood, and filled with Greeks, which the Trojans were induced to take into their city by the artful representations of Sinon, a pretended deserter from the Grecian army who asserted that it had been constructed as an atonement for the stealing of the Palladium by Ulysses and Diomed, and that, if the Trojans should venture to destroy it, Troy would fall; but if, on the contrary, they were to draw it with their own hands into the city, they would gain the supremacy over the Greeks. Though warned by various priests that he was an impostor, the Trojans took the advice of Sinon, and drew the horse within the walls. In the night, Sinon stole forth and unlocked a concealed door in the horse, and the Greeks rushing out, opened the city gates to their friends waiting without, who poured in, and thus gained possession of old Troy.

A QUEER SUPERSTITION.—Says an English writer: On July 15th, 1881, I observed a broad silver ring on the middle finger of the left hand of a man, a painter by trade, who was working at my house at the time. In reply to my question, he stated that he was twenty-seven years of age, and had worn the ring about seven years for the purpose of protecting himself from fits to which he had long been subject. The ring, he said, was made of nine sixpences, given to him for the purpose by nine unmarried females, all, as was necessary, of the parish of Chudleigh, where he resided at the time. The sixpences were given in response to his question. "Will you give me a sixpence?" he being carefully not to say, "Will you please to give me a sixpence?" and careful also to avoid saying "Thank you" on the receipt of the coin—either of which would have vitiated the charm. He took the nine coins to an ordinary jeweler, who made them into a ring, but it was necessary for the success of the charm that he should receive nothing for his labor. The givers and the receiver of the sixpences must be of different sexes, and the ring must be worn on the middle finger of the left hand. It had not quite kept away the fits, but they have been much less frequent than they were before he wore it.

UNHAPPY.

BY A. I. MENKEN.

Where is the promise of my years
Once written on my brow—
Ere errors, agonies and fears
Brought with them all that speak in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—
Where sleeps that promise now?

Naught lingers to redeem those hours
Still, still to memory sweet;
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of sorrow and deceit.

I look along the columned years;
And see life's riven fane
Just where it fell—amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose moaning sneers
Forever hiss within my ears,
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace;
I missed the goal I sought to gain—
I missed the measure of the strain
That tells fame's fever from my brain,
And bids earth's tumult cease.

Myself? Alas for theme so poor!
A theme but rich in fear;
I stand a wreck on error's shore,
A spectre not within the door,
A homeless shadow evermore,
An exile lingering here.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER X.

WE left Julia Glanville in the short-lived happiness of her husband's love—his purchased love; yet not altogether so, in the worst and most heartless sense of the word.

Reginald Glanville was not so utterly debased as to feel no gratitude to the woman who thus again responded to his incessant and unreasonable demands, with devoted and unselfish sacrifices.

He could not but feel bitter pangs of self-reproach and his utter unworthiness of her affection, as he gazed on her changed features, now beaming with love and a temporary happiness.

No, it was not in human nature to resist such proofs of devotion; and Reginald, with all his faults, had a heart that might have been a true and generous one under other and wiser training. His love had been given long ere he saw the beautiful heiress of the Courtenays—that love which is never felt twice in a life.

Perhaps had it not been for that—perhaps had Reginald really cared for his wife, as her attractions might naturally have induced, then the strength of her character, the intensity of her devotion, and the distinction her preference had conferred on him, might have prevented the terrible ruin, and turned him from his mad career.

But the galling self-reproach that fevered and poisoned his every feeling—the consciousness that he had injured, in different ways, two women so worthy of worship and admiration, was a continued and goading pain, which drove him to excitement to chill its aching. And now, what were his feelings?

The knowledge that had but now come to him had deepened while it changed this torture. Julia, the nobly-born heiress, the beauty, the devoted woman, had been dragged down to ruin, and, as he now discovered, to shame and disgrace. The cup he had prepared for another was drunk, all unconsciously, by the woman who should at least have been spared this last bitterness. She had never had his love; he had wasted and squandered away her princely fortune, and now he found that she had lost, all unknowingly, her good name, and that she had not even the miserable consolation of being his lawful and undoubted wife.

Poor girl! at least this knowledge, this last blow, must be spared her, and even at the cost of the last possession with which she could part. If he had misgivings as to the robbery he was thus committing, they were at any rate silenced by the argument that it was for her own sake, and to save her from fearful sorrow and shame, that he thus drained her of her last available treasures.

He vowed reformation. He told himself that, at least, she should find him in future a kind and affectionate, if not a perfect husband; that he would carry out his intentions, and retire to the seat of her ancestors, and there strive to redeem the past.

Such were his purposes, his real, true vows. But it is not in man to choose and plan; not at his own time can he retrace his steps, and annul the past. The present is his own. The past is irrevocable. The future is with Him who disposes all events; and so it was found by Reginald Glanville.

The day had passed away with unwonted gladness to Julia. Her husband had never left her. He had remained in her own beautiful boudoir during the morning; he had driven out with her in the afternoon, and after their *tete-a-tete* dinner, had still remained in the house, instead of seeking his usual evening haunts of dissipation; but, whether from a real desire to display to others the renewed union between himself and his fair wife, or whether from some strange wish for the last time the costly jewels of which he was about to deprive her, can scarcely be decided, he insisted on her fulfilling an engagement to one of the most splendid of the Christmas fetes given by the few who, by choice or necessity, remain in town at that season.

"Dear Reginald," she said, "I am so happy with you; let us make an excuse."

"No, Julia, we will go," said he. "At least the world shall suspect nothing. If we appear together in our newly regained happiness, then no envious tongue can talk scandal of our proceedings. Go, dearest, and make your most elaborate toilette."

She complied with a sigh; and when she returned, even her husband was startled at her splendid beauty.

Julia Glanville thought but of her husband at that moment. She read her success in his irrepressible start as she entered, in his smile of proud satisfaction as he led her into the crowded saloons, and in the half-careless glances he threw at her during the evening. Truly she was beautiful that night; the looks and murmurs of all around proved it. Men envied Reginald his fair wife; women envied Julia her wealth and her diamonds. Few attracted so much attention as they did during the evening. Alas, alas, how hollow, how deceptive is the world's applause!

Reginald had perhaps drunk enough at the supper and during the evening to give him a desire for more, and after their return home he drank rather freely before following Julia to her dressing room. Still the quantity he had taken was scarcely enough to have told on his hardened brain, had it not been fevered and exhausted by mental struggles. But, whatever the cause, certain it was that after Julia had dismissed her maid, he threw himself wearily on the couch at her side, and sank to sleep, after some murmured words of tenderness, that came sweetly and softly on her ears.

Asleep! yes, in a deep heavy slumber, which was rather that of exhaustion and stupefaction than of natural and healthful rest. Still it was for a time deep and quiet; and his devoted wife sat with hushed breath, lest she should break the spell.

At that hour every womanly feeling of tenderness and softness came over her. She scarcely dared to stir, lest the change of position should disturb him, quite unmindful of her own long excitement and the rest she had lost. Every now and then she bent tenderly over him, gazing on his upturned face, and her hands wandered caressingly and soothingly over his temples, and from time to time quick tears sprang to her eyes.

During that sweet yet sad vigil which Julia kept over him who possessed the best treasures of her heart, on whom she had wasted a princely heritage, a strange presentiment of evil came over her. A gloom, a horror settled on her.

For two hours the sleeper lay with his head tossing to and fro in an uneasy restlessness. In spite of the cushions which Julia placed beneath his head, he constantly changed his position, and his sleep grew more disturbed and fitful. In fact, as the stupefying fumes of the wine and the influence of his exhaustion passed away, he grew still more restless. The glow on his cheeks went and came, and his breathing was heavy and irregular. But though he tossed and started, he did not awake. He was fitful, restless, starting. Presently, however, he began to speak, or utter half murmured musings and words that might mean anything or nothing. Then they became more distinct, and more loud and connected, till at last they were formed into actual sentences.

Julia listened, at first indifferently, then with keen attention, until her face grew rigid.

"It is too much!" he cried. "You shall not have it—money, money, always money. You will have it, you say—Julia will give it. Julia has gold, diamonds, jewels; she will give. But don't tell her that she is not my wife. No, no, you mustn't tell her that. Ah, there is another! that other that I have so injured. Yes, she is there! Go! go, Marian! do not stand there with your haunting eyes. Go! go! I shall go mad!" he cried, flinging his hands from side to side as if wildly beating the air.

Every word fell thrillingly on the listener, and she mechanically repeated them. "Isn't my wife! Marian! What can he mean?" Then a bitter groan escaped her. "'Money—you want money! Well, Julia will give it!' Oh, Hugh, Hugh, are you then his evil genius? Do you tempt him to his ruin? I have often noted that with you come his darkest moods. Yes, I see it now. It was for that he begged my diamonds a few hours since. Well, let them go," she said, proudly, glancing at the glittering gems in their open casket. "Let them go," she repeated. "Yes, Hugh, you have won my jewels, but you have never won my heart; you never could do that. And with all his weaknesses, this dear, deluded one has the virtue that you never boasted."

Then she looked tenderly on the slumbering dreamer at her side.

Alas for woman's faith! Alas for thee, poor Julia, when the hour of thine awakening comes!

She watched on, tenderly and bravely; still his sleep was troubled; still he tossed about uneasily, though now nothing more escaped his lips. The raving ceased, and the oblivion appeared deepening; but still the flush was on his cheeks and forehead, and his limbs moved uneasily. Julia gently placed his head on the cushions, rose, and going to the dressing-table took from it a bottle and bathed his forehead with perfumed water; then she loosened his tie and the buttons of his waistcoat, for his breathing seemed labored. In opening his vest, the rustling of a paper caught her attention; it had evidently been hastily thrust into his bosom. It was not a letter, for it was only a crumpled, folded piece of paper.

"Perhaps a memorandum for debts," she said; "perhaps the very debt for which my diamonds have been begged."

Julia glanced at the writing; it was Hugh Fleming's well-known hand. She paused, for it appeared to be folded in the shape of a letter.

Julia was the very soul of honor. The very semblance of a secret, especially of one in the most sacred form of a letter, would have been safe from her eyes. She was about to return it to its resting-place unread, when her own name caught her eye. She could then scarcely resist the temptation.

After the words lately uttered by her sleeping husband, and his suspicious acts, the perusal of a letter certainly relating to her was indeed more than woman's strength could resist.

Ere she fully comprehended the nature of the act, Julia had rapidly read the letter. And what a revelation! Poor Julia! The letter ran thus:—

Cambridge, Dec. 12th.

DEAR REGINALD,—Has Julia come down handsomely yet? I hope so, for your sake and hers, but above all for my own. I am in a queer place here, and scarcely know how to get away. I am confoundedly hard up, so I just drop you a line, to remind you that I must have the money on Friday at latest. I shall be with you on the evening of that day, and expect you'll be all ready. I shall leave town, if possible, on the morning after, and hope to be in Paris, the city of cities, by Monday. Don't mean to trouble England with my presence again in a hurry. The atmosphere is both too hot and too cold for me. Do you understand?

"By the way, I am really vexed with myself for compromising that affair so easily, as the secret was worth at least four times as much. It would have stopped your games for many a long year if I had brought it forward.

"I tell you, you are a bigamist, Glanville, and I could have proved it in any court in the land. Still, I'm a man of honor, and I'll keep my word. Give me the sum mentioned, and I'll deliver up the certificate, and Julia must never know that, when you made her Mrs. Glanville, you were in reality the husband of one of the prettiest little creatures in England, except her peerless self.

"Beware: if you fail me, I shall as surely keep the remainder of my bargain.—Yours ever, "HUGH FLEMING."

"P. S. Have just seen Jasper—a fine-looking fellow as ever lived, and a trifle steadier than his——there, 'a word to the wise.' I'm mum. H. F."

Every word was burning on poor Julia's brain, then the paper dropped from her fingers, and they pressed tightly on her heart. She did not speak or groan, for her breath seemed frozen.

The sleeper's head lay quiet now. There was no sound in that chamber except the faint tick of the little timepiece, and the dull patter of the rain on the balcony.

It mattered not; for had a thunder-clap broken above them, it could not have dissolved the icy thrall which bound Julia.

At length the thoughts working in the sleeping Reginald's brain grew denser and more collected. His memory, wandering in bygone years, at last conjured up a face long dim, and his thoughts shaped themselves into a name that had not been on his lips for many a year. And even as he uttered it, his head turned wearily on the cushion.

"Marian." The spell was broken now; Julia saw it all. Yes, she saw it all now. He for whose truth she would have staked her life; of whom she had said to her heart—"He is pure as I am; he is mine—all mine—whatever his weakness, his infatuation, he is still my own pure husband."

Oh, what a villain, what a heartless deliberate villain she had nourished in her bosom! to what a depth of degredation had she herself fallen! For fifteen years she had believed herself a wife.

Oh, the agony, the madness of that hour! Julia beat her forehead; then hastily shifting the head of the sleeper on the sofa, she sprang to her feet, and paced up and down the apartment.

Furiously snatching her jewels from the dressing-table, she dashed them down on the carpet, and trampled on them till their settings were all broken.

"There," she cried, her eyes glittering with anger; "there are the jewels that you craved, the evidence of the gold that tempted you. It was that which won you—heartless, mercenary villain! They won you—take them! All—all—you have had. I have been your slave for fifteen long years. Nothing has been withheld from you. Oh, why did you not kill me—crush me—in my young innocence? Why did you come to me with lies on your lips? Why did you drag me from my happy girlhood's home—from my doating father's care—to misery, madness, death? Reginald Glanville, Heaven will repay you for this great cruel wrong."

Then her passion abated for a moment; she gazed at him as he slept on, dead to her anguish, unmoved by her passion. Not one look, one movement of his, came to appeal to her sensibilities—to the devoted love that she had borne him; not one word to plead with her, to explain, to soothe. No, on he slept, with a calmness that lashed her rage to madness. The flush had faded, the eyes were rimmed with dark circles, his hands fell idly down the side of the couch, and his breath came deep and regular with each long inspiration of the lung.

Julia guessed at the real cause of his lethargy; she knew not that often of late he had revived a long-forgotten habit, and in order to deaden the reproaches of his brain, and to calm its burning fever, he had taken a narcotic, to obtain sleep; and thus getting gradually paler and quiet as the baneful drug obtained more complete influence over him, he lapsed into senselessness, and lay still and powerless. She gazed at him in contemptuous disgust.

"Fool, fool that I have been," she said, "to love such a being as this for fifteen years! A man stained with every vice—who is now literally degraded by one of them till he is unconscious of his wife's indignation. For fifteen years I have given myself up to him. I have brought him fortune, love, and luxury. I have literally bought his courtesy by pandering to and supporting his vices. Not one token of tenderness—not even the common respect of a wife—unless I bought them with gold. "A wife!" she repeated, bitterly; "ah, I forgot—I am no wife! I have but filled the place of one, believing myself his lawful wife."

She laughed a shrill, wild laugh, that startled her from her agony.

"And the last purchase was with these jewels," she resumed. "It is well. I had no more left; I could have brought no more, and so the revelation is come in time. That is good—yes, that is good. He has got the promise of my jewels, and he shall have them—every one of them!" she cried, stamping her feet again and again upon the crushed gems; "yes, every one of them; but, may they be so many daggers to pierce his heart, and avenge my wrongs! Yes, take them," she said, in low, hissing tones, to the deep sleeper, "take them with my curse."

Still he slept on,—every respiration exciting still more her irritated nerves.

"Yes, sleep on," she cried, with withering scorn. "Sleep on. Men can sleep who break women's hearts—sleep soundly and calmly too. A merry and a soothing pastime it must be. But I will pierce your heart even yet."

Going to her devonport, Julia dashed off a few hasty, impetuous lines, threw them on the carpet beside Hugh Fleming's letter and the crushed jewels, snatched up her silken mantle from a chair, flung open the door, and then, in her thin wrapper, she hastened down the staircase, and out into the dark wet night.

CHAPTER XI.

THE grey night clouds dissolved in gentle rain, the dawn broke on the city, and the hum of wakened life grew more distinct, and "man went forth to his labor," and to his pleasure, until the evening. The Winter sun again neared his setting; lines of pale dim light came though the curtains of the west window of the dressing-room where Reginald lay, as it descended once more to its couch; then, and not till then, did Reginald Glanville wake from his long sleep.

There had been a panic and consternation in the household. Sophie had vainly sought her mistress, and wondered at her unknown absence, at the broken jewels trodden on the carpet, and yet more at her master's deathlike slumber. The domestics had gazed at each other, and exchanged whispers and looks of strange import. But so long as there was hope of their master's waking to give his own orders, they dared not take any steps in the matter.

They were too much in awe of him, and of Julia, too, to risk exposing to scandal the singular proceedings in that house. They dared not proclaim their suspicions, and stamp their master's name in the eyes of the world; so they had gone on through the day, till at length the domestic who waited on Reginald as his confidential valet determined to call in a physician who had long been the attendant of the family, and whom he believed to possess his master's full confidence.

It was some time before the doctor came, and then just as he entered the room, Reginald opened his heavy eyes, and stared around with strange, bewildered wonder. Sophie was by his side. The faithful maid had collected all that appeared mysterious to her before she permitted any one to enter. The whole confused mass, the papers, the jewels, even the fragments of the settings, she had swept from the carpet, and gathered into one of the presses that lined the room.

Fortunately, Sophie could not read English. She had never made sufficient use of her long residence in England to acquire the language with sufficient precision to decipher such sharp and graceful characters as Julia's, or such slovenly writing as Hugh Fleming's; otherwise she might well have been pardoned if, under such circumstances, she had availed herself of the clue to the mystery around her. All she did comprehend was, that there must have been some dreadful quarrel between her master and mistress, and she only waited for the awaking of the former to demand a clue to her dear lady's present abode, in order to join her without delay.

Thus, when Dr. Saville arrived, he only found the sleeping master of the house under the influence of a drug easily recognised by the aspect of the patient. He administered the proper remedies, till he saw symptoms of returning consciousness; then he withdrew.

It was better, he said, that Mr. Glanville should not be startled by the appearance of a stranger on his first awaking from that long trance. So, when he thoroughly awoke, he only perceived the well-known features of Sophie, who was anxiously watching him.

"Where is your mistress?" he exclaimed, sharply. It seemed as if the idea with which he had gone to sleep was the first to return on his awaking, "Where is your mistress?" he demanded; she was here when I went to sleep." Then he raised himself and glanced around at the window. "Is it dawn or evening?" he asked, gazing at the Frenchwoman.

"It is evening, sir," she replied in her own tongue.

"It is impossible?" he said. "Can I have slept so long?"

He looked again with perplexity on the leaden sky, which certainly confirmed

the woman's assertion. Then, as the fumes of the narcotic passed away, he started up with a suspicious glance.

"Sophie," said he, "what is the matter? Why do you look so pale? Where is your mistress?"

"I do not know, sir," she replied, bursting into tears; "but I fear something dreadful has happened. I do not know where my dear lady is; but I found these things all broken and lying by your side when I came in this morning. Look here, sir! perhaps these papers may tell something."

She went to the press and brought forth the confused mass to the master's couch. He looked wildly at the strange spoils presented to him. The glittering confusion of precious stones, the beauty of the graceful settings, brought at first no explanation to his mind. Then he took up the papers, and a quick hot flush came to his face, as he saw Hugh Fleming's letter. It scarcely needed the lines written by poor Julia to tell him the discovery that had taken place.

"Leave me," he said to the terrified woman at his side, and his voice was horribly hoarse. "Leave me; and as you value your life and that of your mistress, say nothing of this."

"She is not dead?—she is not dead?" exclaimed the faithful creature, in an agony of tears.

"No, no—go, I say, go!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot, his face pale with agitation or passion. "I would be alone—go."

Sophie withdrew in terror. She saw that something frightful must have happened, and she had yet no means of penetrating the mystery.

It was with fearful suspense she waited outside the door for her master's summons. But all was still for the long period, that seemed hours to her excited brain. Then at last the door opened, and her master appeared, holding a box in his hands.

"Sophie," said he, "your mistress will not be home again for the present. I shall give you instructions in the morning; meanwhile say nothing. Tell Thomas, that if Mr. Fleming calls he is to be brought to me directly in the library. Any one else is to be denied. Do you understand?"

The woman assented in silence she dared not speak.

Sophie had always distrusted the husband of her beloved mistress; and now, when she was gone, when her master was so fearfully agitated and mysterious, when all combined to increase her natural alarm, she was unable to reply to the orders given. But she was not less convinced that her dear mistress had received some terrible injury, and that her master was a "tyrant;" and if he did not explain all in the morning she would instantly take measures to ascertain her dear lady's whereabouts.

Whatever Reginald Glanville's past might be, it would surely might have pleaded him at that moment. He was indeed suffering tortures—well-deserved, certainly, but still agony such as might have moved even the injured Julia to some shadow of forgiveness, could she have seen him. He walked deliberately to the library, then, locking the door, he again took out the paper on which were written the few lines that had been dashed off in Julia's maddened excitement. They ran as follows:—

"REGINALD GLANVILLE.—A dreadful fire is in my heart. It burns—my brain burns. You have kindled that flame. May Heaven forgive you!—I cannot. One brief hour since, I was so entirely your slave that I would have died to save you a single pang. Now, I am almost tempted to stop forever your guilty heart's throbbings. But I will not. The curse of blood shall not be on my head. Live for her whose name you have murmured in your sleep; for her who, perhaps, had not the gold and lands for which you strove to win me, and made me what I am—a ruined, heart-broken, degraded woman. Live to suffer. Live to know how I scorn, despise, yes, hate you. Live to feel the pangs that you have inflicted on me. And oh, to think how I have loved you—to think of the devotion I have lavished on you! It drives me mad. But no matter. The world is wide; there must be some home far away for this weary head, this fevered brain. Lest I lose my senses, and do worse, I leave you. Heaven have mercy on me! "JULIA."

Reginald's brow burnt and his lips quivered as he read that despairing letter. His heart was wrung by remorse, and yet he could not recall the past. But at least one stern resolve was in his heart; he would at least nerve himself to carry that out. That resolve remained firm and steadfast in his brain—however torn, and remorseful and desperate his heart.

He listened eagerly for the approach of his expected visitor; he panted to accomplish at least some portion of his revenge. At length steps came near, and "Mr. Fleming" was announced.

Glanville stepped forward to meet him, pale and haggard as if a fearful illness had passed over him. He did not appear to notice Hugh's extended hand, but passing rapidly by him, closed the door, and turning the key, transferred it to his own pocket.

"Sorry to see you looking so sadly, my dear fellow," said Hugh. "They told me that you had been ill. Hope this little affair hasn't upset you. Perhaps you have had a little tiff with Julia about the diamonds. Women love such baubles; and then it might be difficult to raise the money. Sorry, upon my honor. But, anyway, here's the document," said he, drawing forth the certificate from his pocket.

Glanville's face was pale as death, but an iron sternness was on his lips.

"Hugh Fleming," said he; and as he spoke he stood sternly before him, and his tall figure was drawn up the very utmost. His visitor gazed at him with surprise. "Hugh Fleming," he continued, "I have waited for you. I wished to have you here in my own house, in my power. Do you hear?—in my power. Julia knows all. Last night your letter fell into her hands—no matter how. Blame your own cursed stupidity for writing, and thus committing the secret to paper. And she is gone. There are her jewels!" he cried pointing to the mass of precious stones on the table. "Look at them well. Their settings are broken defaced, trampled on by her, but the jewels are uninjured. They are valuable; but, mark me, not one shilling raised by them shall ever touch your palm. Do you understand me? That paper you hold in your hand shall be mine without an equivalent."

"Never!" exclaimed Fleming, scornfully and firmly.

"We shall see," said Glanville, in the cold hard tone of one assured of his position. "We are alone; I have the power. This gives it to me," he added, drawing a revolver from the drawer of the library table near him. "This will be a sure argument to convince, or the stern means to compel you; and, by all that is sacred, I will, if needs be, use it. I am desperate now, Fleming, and shall not hesitate. So beware!"

"Two can play at that game, I fancy," said Fleming, putting his hand in his pocket.

A muttered oath escaped him, his face grew pale, and his hand fell to his side. The pistol was not there. He had left it in the coat in which he had traveled, left it too at the time he most needed such a weapon.

"I was prepared for this," said Glanville, a dark smile breaking the rigid curves of his lips. "It is best for you—best for us both—that you had no weapon. I should not have permitted its use," he said, touching his own revolver significantly.

"Listen, Hugh Fleming," he continued. "Fifteen miserable years under your iron thrall hasn't been so pleasant that I have not desired freedom; and freedom I at least can demand, though not peace. The last week's terrible misery has goaded me to desperation. I have no scruples now. I am a wretched, guilty man, but I will not be a duped and enslaved one. Give me that paper, and you shall leave the house safe and unharmed. Refuse it——" And he touched his revolver with another threatening gesture.

"You dare not murder me," said Fleming with a forced smile and an attempt at bravado.

"Dare not!" repeated Glanville, scornfully. "What would I not do now? I am a desperate man, and a desperate man dares anything. The paper, I say—the paper!"

Glanville stretched forth his hand. To resist was madness. Fleming saw it, but he made one more struggle.

"Glanville," said he, "you have ever been reckoned a man of honor. Your own promise was given and exchanged for mine. I came to fulfil my part of the agreement; and now you break your plighted word. Whatever, your opinion of the past, you are at least bound by all the laws that bind men together."

"You forced the promise from me," said Glanville—"I demand the paper from you. We are quits there. But at any rate I am resolved. I shall brook no further contention or delay. Once more,—the paper, and without further parley!"

Fleming hesitated for a moment; then he placed the paper in Glanville's hand, while baffled rage played in every feature. Glanville took it carefully, placed it in his pocket book, and then, with a half mocking assumption of politeness, bowed to his guest.

"I thank you," said he, "I am your debtor for your kind compliments, Mr. Fleming. I wish you a good evening."

With a mocking bow he took the key from his pocket and unlocked the door, which he held open for his companion.

On the threshold Hugh paused. A glitter of hate and rage was in his flashing eyes.

"You, Reginald Glanville, are my debtor," said he; "but I shall have my revenge yet. For that paper now yielded up to you I will have my full requital. I am not powerless yet. I can still stab you in the tenderest part, through your boy. I can touch your heart to the very quick there. Go to him, Reginald Glanville; claim him if you will; tell him all; but it will be too late. I shall have been there before you."

The next moment Hugh Fleming was gone. The key turned in the lock behind him.

Hour after hour of the night waned, and still Reginald Glanville sat, with his pale face bowed on his hands, and his eyes fixed on the paper before him.

At that moment, even Julia and her recent wrongs were forgotten. The pale face of one equally lovely, and yet so different, obscured the image of her dark beauty as he had last closed his eyes on it twenty-four hours before. The past swallowed up the present. Youth asserted its prior claims in the freshness and truth of its feelings; and the wife of his earlier days—the mother of his boy—obliterated the beautiful heiress, the devoted woman who had given up so much for his sake.

The gray dawn found Granville thus; his eyes shaded by his pallid hands.

Then he rose, placed the paper in a secret drawer of his escritoire, and went away from the room.

Could it be? Were tears trickling through his fingers! Had he really a heart that cherished tender memories of that injured and long forgotten girl? Was she tardily avenged? Had remorse seized him for its prey! Julia, poor Julia, were your wrongs for the moment lost in the deep injuries suffered by your unconscious rival?

The morning after that memorable scene, Reginald was found by his valet raving in the delirium of brain fever.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was the night before the breaking up for the Christmas vacation in Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the rooms of the handsome gowusman, the pride of the college, the leader of his set, the favorite of the tutors, and the most popular among the undergraduates—the crack man of the day—was assembled a party of convivial friends of his own peculiar set, and chiefly of his own "year."

Jasper Talbot has passed his "little go" with the most glowing success; and the party was given in supposed memory and honor of the event, but more, perhaps, in hope of one more of the gay and joyous re-unions which they all enjoyed with such youthful and hearty zest.

Very luxurious rooms they were; not perhaps, altogether the crack rooms of Trinity, for that college is, as is well known, the resort of the young aristocrats of the university, and Jasper was certainly not of that number. But they were spacious, lofty and furnished with taste, and even elegance. Everything bore evidence that the purse of the owner was not scantily filled, nor his expenses limited by his guardians. And in the bright, handsome face of the young host, as he dispensed his hospitality to all around, there was an irresistible charm.

The joyous voice, the frank look, the gay fancies, and good-humored raillery were infectious; a more genial and thoroughly mirthful party had never perhaps been assembled under those venerable walls.

The coffee had been drunk; wine, decanters, a small kettle, and spirits had been brought, and packs of cards lay on the table, to complete the amusement of the hour. And the party then began the more serious part of their employment.

They formed themselves into two parties of whist, and then, when the rubber was over, and their spirits grew lighter and more noisy with the excitement and the drink had gone freely round, *etwat-et-us* became the chosen game, and jolly and uproarious grew the fun.

"I say, Jasper, you are not going to ruin us all, I can tell you. Why, you have swept the board, and drilled us again and again, till we are nearly broke. I am only a poor scholar, remember, and can't afford to be pitted against a millionaire!" exclaimed Lionel Reade, a fine-hearted, clever young fellow, who had carried off more than one scholarship.

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Louis Delany. "Why, Reade, you have got your fortune in your brains, which is a vast deal surer than any other investment. You know 'riches take wings and fly away,' but when wealth is in the head it can't well be at the mercy of Dame Fortune."

"Pray, don't give any such gloomy hints, Delany," cried Charles Edmonds, another of the party. "My governor's pretty deep in railways and such affairs, and it makes a fellow rather uncomfortable to have such ideas put in his head."

A general laugh followed, and the game went gaily on.

"Double you all," said Jasper, gaily. "Sink or swim. If I break, I break for ever this time; and if I win, my fortune's made, that's certain."

Mingled laughter and cries of "Shame, shame!" came from the little group.

The cards were dealt round the second time, and then the dealer began his calculations.

"Delany—another?" said Jasper.

"Well, yes," said Delany, "I may as well die gloriously. There, it's all over with me. It's your own luck, Jasper. I'm twenty-four."

Midst the laughter of the little party the game went on, but just then the college porter came in. It was full late for him to be up, and they all looked at him suspiciously. He had a letter in his hand, which he delivered to Jasper.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the porter, "but there is 'immediate' on it, so I thought I had better bring it at once."

"Hang the fellow, I thought he was in bed long ago!" exclaimed Edmunds. "One hates his eternal prying into one's concerns. Come, Jasper, make haste; another card for me."

Jasper did finish the deal, but there was a troubled look on his face as he glanced at the direction of the letter, and when a "natural *etwat-et-us*" turned up, he seemed rather relieved than otherwise at the passing of the deal.

"Open your letter, Jasper; we'll wait!" exclaimed Delany, who had noted the anxious look of his friend.

Jasper obeyed, and tore the letter open. His eyes went like lightning over the pages. At first he seemed struck as if by a sudden blow; he reeled in his chair, and clung to the table for support. His cheek was blanched, and his brows were contracted as he went on. He folded the letter after reading it, thrust it in his pocket, and turning to his companions, said, "There go on, Reade, I'm ready now."

Jasper's mind was firmer than his frame. In a few minutes his cheeks blanched again, and he said, hoarsely, "Pass the wine, Delany, there's a good fellow, my throat's dry, and I want a regular bumper; I had the deal such an infernal time."

Jasper's hand trembled violently as he took the glass; he could scarcely steady it enough to put it to his lips, and the wine seemed to gurgle in his throat as if swallowed with difficulty.

"You're ill old fellow! No bad news, I hope," said Reade, kindly. "No one ill or dead?"

Jasper's lips curled as he drank another glass of wine, and his light laugh confirmed the words that followed.

"Nonsense," said he; "it was nothing of any moment; I believe I have been reading too hard—a trifle upsets me, and the smoke and that roaring fire have made the room unbearable. Come, don't waste any more time; let's finish with this deal, and then we'll have a smoke."

The proposal was agreed to unanimously. The game was quickly ended, and then the real gaiety of the evening seemed to commence.

The song, the jest, the tale went round. No one was more brilliant, more witty, more gay, than Jasper Talbot. His laugh was the loudest, his satire the keenest, his comicalities the most pithy; and when Delany at last proposed to break up the party, Talbot was earnest in his opposition.

"Come, Reade and Edmonds," said Delany, "we had better be off. The tutors' rooms are too near for us to make a row like this any longer with safety."

"Tutors be hanged!" exclaimed Jasper; "we'll make a night of it. 'Tis the last for a month at least."

"My dear fellow, we must be off," said Delany. "At least, I must. Of course the others will please themselves. Good night?"

Delany approached the door and was followed by the others. There was something in his quiet, firm temper that was generally successful in guiding others, so that even the "jolly" Edmonds, and the thoughtless Reade saw that he had some excellent reason for what he said; so they bade their host good night, and passed through the door; but in a few minutes Lewis Delany returned.

"Jasper," said he, "I do not want to be impertinent or prying, but I was not deceived. I am true a friend of yours. Your letter had some bad news in it. Can I be of any service? I have at least a purse at your command. My Uncle Norton is very liberal, as well as rich, and I was never extravagant, as you know."

A quiver contracted Jasper's lips. For an instant he bowed his head, and heartily pressed the hand that clasped his. Then he replied, huskily, "God bless you, Delany you are a true friend. But you can do nothing, absolutely nothing; but leave me—leave me."

Lewis passed out; something like moisture was in his eyes, and he muttered to himself a few words, in which the names of "Nora" was distinguishable. But he saw that he could do no good at that moment, but leave his young host in peace, to indulge his agony undisturbed.

When once alone, Jasper poured out a bumper of wine, then another. He flung himself on a chair; he was still icy cold. The wine even failed to warm or in any way affect him. His brain was rather stunned than burning; the blow that had fallen was so sudden, so heavy.

It seems more terrible, more trying to the fortitude when such trials come in the spring and brightness of life. Every sweet, bright, and pleasant thing had now perished from Jasper's life. His heart was stricken by that cruel, fiendish letter in which Hugh Fleming had sought to pierce the father through the son. Until now this knowledge had been withheld. Fleming had never even given the slightest hint by word or look that the boy's parentage had been aught but honorable and pure. He had promised him the whole truth some day when he was of age, and when the narrative should be a fitting tale. But it was suddenly sent to him now—that terrible, cunningly devised lie, that lie so woven with truth, that it would have been all but impossible to tell the difference, or detect where one began and the other ended. It told of his mother's weakness and her shame; of his father's cruel fascination over her; of his treachery when the temptation of the wealth and beauty of the heiress came in his way. Then it ended thus:—

"Yes, Jasper, Reginald Glanville the husband of my own cousin, is your father. You are the child of shame! I grieve to write it; I could not have found courage to speak it. But I am on the eve of departing from England for an indefinite time, and I think it may be of service in stimulating you to fresh exertions in your career. Your allowance will be paid to you as before, so long as you remain at Cambridge, and I have no doubt that any reasonable start in life will be given you. But of course your own good sense will tell you that much more must depend on yourself than in any other circumstances would have been the case. And I would also suggest that in your choice of an occupation, or in anything you may undertake, you should remember that it is undesirable for your past history, your birth, and your parentage, to be inquired into. There are some positions and some professions in life where that is necessary, and these I would have you avoid. But ever look on me as a friend, my dear boy, and pardon the pain I feel it necessary to inflict on you. "Yours ever,

"HUGH FLEMING."

Jasper had read all this; but the chief words that rested on his memory, that had grieved him so acutely, were—"You are the child of shame!"

For the moment Jasper could scarcely believe it. He thought it some cruel hoax, some jest, some attempt to stimulate him in his studies. Then came the remembrance of that day at Harrow, when Reginald Glanville had come to see him. He remembered the look, the emotion of the man, the likeness that had been noticed by his young friend, and their sudden departure from the place on the same evening. Every trifle was confirmation of the tale, even if there could be a reasonable doubt of its truth.

Alas for his dreams! his fresh, youthful as-

pirations, his ambitious spirit! Oh, the future! the future of misery and shame, with the heritage of disgrace and sin on him, as a heavy burden to hold him back from his aspirations. The thought of the future was intolerable. He sprang up, and paced the room rapidly, madly. Then he sat down once more, and a name escaped his lips. That name was "Nora."

"Oh, terrible, terrible!" he murmured, as if the sound of that name had unlocked his wretchedness. "Oh, why was not this kept from me forever, or told in early childhood, that I might not have ever dreamed such dreams, and built up so fair a future; before I had dared to love her—to venture even to look, if I did not speak my love? Oh Nora, Nora, and I have so loved you! Every effort, every dream, every hope was associated with you. For you I have striven to win fame, only to lay the laurels at your feet; for you I would have toiled; you would have inspired every faculty, have made every exertion light, every effort easy and happy. And now—what are we now? You, the peerless, proud, well-born girl, and I the humbled, disgraced offspring of a heartless debauchee!"

Jasper flung himself on a couch in a passion of wild and agonized tears. Hugh Fleming had indeed timed the revelation right. Had it been earlier, the lad would have learned to submit to his fate.

Had it been later he might have learned to acquire for himself the position, the respect the fame that his supposed, birth had denied to him.

And then Hugh knew that Reginald would in all likelihood seek out and own his boy now that his legitimacy was proved and Julia had fled.

He had ever clung to the noble lad, but now this was the only hope left to him.

A brief space more, and, it might have been too late.

He knew the youth's fiery temper; he guessed the effect of such a revelation.

He would never submit to hypocrisy; he would never continue to associate with others on terms of equality and honor.

Very probably he would refuse to accept what he would feel was the wages of shame.

Yes, Hugh Fleming had calculated all, foreseen all, and his shaft was aimed at the right wound, and in the place where it would strike most surely home.

His revenge was fast maturing now.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

My Dream.

BY PERCY VERE.

WHEN I married Beatrix Clifton I thought that I loved her.

Beatrix was a tall stately brunette, as beautiful as any man could possibly desire his wife to be; but I never saw a glimpse of her heart before our marriage, and I never found it afterwards.

I heard something of an old attachment in the past—something of a dead soldier-lover of whom Beatrix had been passionately fond, but the story troubled me little, for I could not conceive of her ever having been "passionately fond," in the common acceptance of the term, of anybody.

Perhaps I might have been satisfied with my lot, and sighed for no warmer expression of affection than that which is born of duty, had I not met Adelaide Werner, and learned the lesson, which, if learned too late, it were better never to have been taught at all.

We were stopping at a fashionable summer resort on the Hudson, my wife and I, when the one-love dream of my life began and ended.

I sat behind the half closed blinds of the drawing-room bay window, one warm clear evening in June, thinking of nothing in particular, and very well contented with myself and the world, when there came tripping from the deserted parlor a slight girlish creature, dressed all in white, a bunch of wild azaleas nestling in the lace of her throat and her wealth of golden brown hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

She stopped nearly opposite my window, where a white rose-tree, loaded with fragrant blossoms, was clambering to the very eaves, and lifted her lips to kiss a beautiful full-blown rose that she seemed to think a pity to break from the parent stem.

The gentle act was so gracefully and simply done, and she looked so poor and sweet and lovely that my heart gave a throb of delight, as new as it was entrancing.

"So, my lady fair, I find you here, coming among the roses, after searching the whole house over in quest of you," said a tall looking gentleman, approaching the girl, and placing his hand lightly upon her shoulder.

She turned quickly, and smiled up fondly in his face.

"Are they not beautiful, Hubert?—such creamy-white darlings, and so many of them, and so fragrant!" she exclaimed, reaching a fair little hand above her head to pull down for his inspection a great plumy cluster.

"The loveliest that ever were seen, my dear; and these poor violets, which I took so much trouble to find for you, are quite nowhere beside them," he replied, fastening in her belt, a tiny knot of violets.

"How kind you are, Hubert?" a slight, tremulousness perceptible in her voice. "The dear little violets are the dearer for your giving, and I would not exchange them for the sweetest rose that ever bloomed."

"Foolish little Adelaide! to care so much for a stupid bearish old brother, who has more law than poetry in his head, and is more devoted to business than he is to pleasure."

"Brother?"

I breathed freer, and threw myself back in my chair, feeling as if a great load had been taken from my heart.

When I looked again no one was on the verandah.

The next day I contrived to make the acquaintance of Hubert Werner, who of course presented me to his idolized sister.

If it be destiny that shapes our ends, then surely the finger of fate must have guided the events of that day, for within an hour of my meeting with Adelaide, my wife took it into her head to return to the city.

She wished to bid adieu, she said, to an old schoolmate who was about departing for a long sojourn in Europe, and hoped I would have no objection to her going.

I eagerly assured her that I had none in the world, and for the first time since our marriage invented an excuse for not accompanying her, but I dutifully saw her safely established on board the "Albany" boat with her maid, and that same evening, while Beatrix was steaming down the Hudson, I stood on the moonlit piazza, beside Adelaide Werner, listening enraptured to her low sweet tones, and feeling, as I had never felt before, the presence of a beautiful woman.

She had never seen Beatrix, and knew not that such a woman as Mrs. Arthur Farring existed.

Why tell her that I was married?

I would not quarrel with my destiny when it came in the form of Adelaide Werner.

I will not speak of the few blissful days that followed.

The awakening came all to soon, and when the dream was over there lay the love-flower faded and dead, and heart and brain aching so that one could not see the wrong for the nearer despair and sorrow.

Adelaide loved me.

I knew it, and was deliriously happy; but beyond the flitting moment I dared not look—dared not even conjecture.

We were sitting alone on the piazza one evening, her fair face radiant with youth and happiness, and a something of tender interest, as she listened to the old Spanish love tale I was telling her, partly to amuse her, and partly to excuse my own baseness.

Just as I ceased speaking my old college friend, Sam Ainsworth, made his appearance, and blurted out in his stupid way—

"Glad to see you, old fellow. Capital retreat you have got here. Just came from the city. Your wife will be up to-morrow Saw her last night at my sister's, and they are going to make the trip together."

Poor Adelaide! The rich bloom of lips and cheeks slowly died out, and pallid as death was the face she dazedly turned toward me.

Reproach, anguish—and oh, such bitter humiliation as I saw depicted in the large gentle eyes, I shall never forget—never to my dying day!

I tried to speak, but she lifted a silencing hand, murmured a low good night, that I knew meant farewell, and was gone.

I did not see Adelaide again for two days, and then it was only by the merest chance that I happened to find her alone in the little summer-house at the foot of the garden.

She sprang up when she saw me, and was about to leave the pavilion without in any way acknowledging my presence, but I placed myself before her and held out my hand.

"You will not leave me so, Adelaide?"

"Mr. Farring," she said, with gentle dignity, "allow me to pass. You have wronged me deeply, but it is for your wife's sake that I now ask you to remember what you owe to one who has the sole and only right to your affection."

"No need to remind me of that which I cannot forget if I would. The slave is not likely to forget his fetters or the prisoner his dungeon. Nay, Adelaide, be not angry with me when I say that I love you. Ah, you know it already. Do not tremble—do not look so frightened, for may one not love an angel, and win if he can a glimpse of heaven!"

"Spare me," she cried, bursting into tears; "spare me further humiliation! I cannot bear it. Go I implore you, and leave me to the little peace my heart may hereafter know."

"Yes, I will go to-morrow; but the present moment is mine, and I will not be robbed of it. You love me, Adelaide. Is it not true? Can you say that you do not?"

The blood mounted hotly to her brow, but the proud denial she endeavored to utter died unspoken on her lips.

"I am answered!" I cried. "You do love me, Adelaide?"

"Better than all the world," she sadly replied; "and it is a love paid dearly for since it costs me both happiness and self-respect. Good-bye, and if we ever meet again I pray that I may be in a land where loving brings not death, and wrongs no one."

A flowing white dress swept past me, a faint sweet odor of violets lingered for a moment on the air, and Adelaide had left me to return no more.

In the dusk of the summer evening I wandered home, not caring what the morrow might have of misery in store for me, or how soon life and its troubles might end.

I went up to my room, threw myself in a chair, and for an hour sat looking blankly out at the starlit night like one from whom peace and hope had for ever departed.

Beatrix came in richly dressed blazing with jewels, and calm and cold and beautiful as a marble statue.

"Are you not going down?" she said, approaching my chair, and just touching my shoulder with the tip of her point-lace fan.

"No; I've a wretched headache, and would much rather remain here. But do not let me spoil your pleasure. Ainsworth and his sister can go down with you."

"Pleasure," she repeated, in a dreamy voice. "Nothing can spoil my pleasure, Arthur, for 'tis like love and faith and happiness; things which a breath, a glance, a touch may destroy, and which once destroyed nothing in the world can ever again restore to its own beauty, joy, and brightness."

And with that she left me, knowing my secret perhaps as well as I know it myself, but respecting it, for she too had tasted of disappointment's deeply bitter water, and would fain be generous, inasmuch as she herself, instead of love, had only given me respect and duty.

The next morning we left the old house on the Hudson.

I caught a glimpse of Adelaide's pale face from the white curtained window of her room as we rode away to the ferry, but I never saw it again, for she died a year later in Italy of consumption, so the doctors said, and all that remains to me now of my one short love dream is a withered white rose, the rose Adelaide kissed such a weary while ago.

We have stood by her grave, Beatrix and I for in years that have passed since I first met and parted with Adelaide, we have come to know ourselves and each other better, and to be reconciled to our lot.

And once I said, standing by Adelaide's grave in the golden after-glow of a perfect Italian sunset—

"Here, Beatrix, sleeps the only woman I have ever loved with a love that comes not twice in a man's life."

"I know it," she softly answered, her fingers wandering aimlessly over the sculptured lilies above the name so dear to me. "I knew it from the first."

The Lodger.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I DON'T know what I should have done, in all our trouble, without Molly.

Who is Molly?

Ah, sure enough, I keep forgetting, you see, everybody doesn't know the history of my willing servitor and faithful friend, Molly West.

Molly came to our house one dry, sunless August noon, her clothing worn and ragged, her feet and hands torn with the briars of the blackberries which had served as her only food for twenty-four hours.

I, a little child playing with my doll on the steps, stared hard at her.

Molly returned my gaze with interest.

"I'm hungry," said Molly. "And I'm tired. And I want a place to sleep."

She was an emigrant child, whose mother had died on the passage out, and who had somehow got separated from her party.

She was a sallow, faded-eyed child, with big hands, and awkward feet that were perpetually stumbling, but she was willing and painfully eager to please, and the old cook kept her to wash dishes, scour knives, clean vegetables, and make herself generally useful.

And during her hours of leisure she haunted me like a shadow.

When papa died—mamma, poor thing, had been in her grave many and many a year—the old farm was still in litigation.

My grandfather's will was worded in such a way that a distant cousin of mine—a traveler whom none of us had ever seen—could claim all its broad acres and the quartz mines which were now getting to be so valuable on account of gold veins.

"I'd contest the matter bravely, Miss Legard, before I would give it up," said old Mr. Styles, the lawyer.

"I don't want it, Mr. Styles, if it isn't mine," said I, with a spark of the old family pride that I had inherited from my far-away Welsh ancestors.

"I daresay this cousin would compromise matters with you. Half of the property, now——"

"Half would be no more mine than the whole, Mr. Styles," I retorted, with burning cheeks, and a sore, resentful heart, for I loved every gnarled apple bough and moss-enamelled rock on the old place.

"Pardon me, Miss Katie, but you are a little disposed to be Quixotic," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I only want to be honest, Mr. Styles. The furniture at least is all my own. It was bought with my mother's marriage portion, and I shall sell it at auction and go to New York."

"What to do there, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"I know a lady who gets quite a comfortable livelihood keeping lodgers. I shall take a nice-looking house, and let it off in floors. That need not prevent me prosecuting my business of translating for the publishers."

"And suppose you make a dead failure of it?"

"But I shall not," said, I confidently." And Molly I continued to my faithful servant, "I have recommended you to Mrs. Melville as maid-of-all-work."

But to my distress and amazement, Molly burst into tears.

"Oh, miss, please don't send me away," she wailed.

"But Molly, I can't afford to pay you your wages any longer."

"Then I'll come without none."

"Do you think you could endure to be cooped up between brick walls with not so much as a blade of grass to look at."

Molly's dull eyes brimmed with tears.

"If it was a prison cell, miss, or mouse-hole I should be happy there with you," sobbed she.

"Foolish child," said I, half crying myself, "then you shall go."

So Molly went with me, and together we fitted up the red brick house, No. 40 Duvalan Street, put out our simple card "Rooms to Let. Without Board," and waited the progress of events.

I was coming home from my twilight walk one night when Molly met me at the door with her fool moon face radiant with delight.

"We've got one, miss," said she. "A lodger paid a quarter in advance, and has gone to move his things in, and——"

"Gently, gently, Molly, I said, as my maid paused from shear lack of breath. "And his name?"

"It's Wilson, miss. Least ways that's what's written upon his card—Carl Wilson, Artist."

"I like artists," said I.

It so happened that Mr. Wilson had been in the house a week before I met him, and then he struck me as a frank pleasant sort of man.

"I hope you find everything quite agreeable, sir," said I.

"Oh, as snug as possible," said he. "That maid of yours is quite an original character, ma'am."

I smiled.

"I've sketched her on the sly, as a Dutch peasant woman, while she was cleaning my grate," he declared.

"Indeed," said I.

"I'm an artist," said he.

"So I understand," said I.

"And I've come to a dead standstill."

"How?" I asked, beginning to be interested in spite of myself in these crisp, short statements.

"My model for Amy Robsart has got the measles. And my picture has to be sent to the exhibition in April."

"That is unfortunate," said I. "Couldn't you get someone else to——"

"You for instance," said he, bluntly. "An hour a day for a week would be all I ask. You have an Amy Robsart sort of face. Of course I couldn't ask you to accept any remuneration——"

"Of course not," said I, feeling myself color up.

But the end of it was I sat for his picture.

One day Mr. Styles came to the house in Duvalan Street.

"Katie," said he, "that distant cousin of yours won't touch his property. Says it isn't his."

"No more is it mine," said I, quickly. "If a court of law does not adjudge it to me——"

"Legally I suppose it is his," said Mr. Styles. "But he writes me that he is a man and would scorn to deprive a helpless woman of her livelihood."

At this moment a footstep was heard on the stairs, the artist came lightly and quickly down with the elastic movement that was habitual to him.

Mr. Styles bowed.

"Mr. Brown!" he exclaimed, in some surprise.

I made haste to utter the words of introduction.

"Not Mr. Brown," said I. "Mr. Wilson."

"Mr. Wilson Brown," said the artist. "I suppose a man has a right temporarily to clip off a part of his name, if it so pleases him.

Mr. Styles looked reproachfully at me.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said he.

"Tell you what?" cried I, more mystified than ever.

"That your cousin, the heir, was lodging here," he answered.

"Because he isn't," said I.

"Yes I am," said Wilson Brown. "I came here by the merest chance in the world—but the more I have seen of my cousin, the more I have expected her. As for the Crown farm—I—won't—take—it."

"Neither will I!" I cried.

"Divide it equally," suggested Mr. Styles.

But to this we neither of us would accord.

And Mr. Styles took his leave in despair.

We settled it afterwards, however, up in the studio.

"Let's own in partnership" said Wilson Brown.

"How do you mean?" said I.

"Brown and wife," he said gravely. "A life partnership."

"Are you in earnest?" said I.

"Katie," said he, "I like you better than any woman I ever saw. I love you, darling."

He took my hand, and I did not draw it away.

And good honest Molly is back once more in the old farm kitchen—and my husband has his studio in the great north room where the maple-trees shade the window, and I—well, I am the happiest girl in all the world.

LOVERS.—Marriage is so often the result of circumstances which throw two people together—of a consideration of the fitness of things, of momentary impulse, or of cool deliberation—that which should be the happiest state is often the unhappiest. The only true matches are made by love, and when two people have really loved—really, from the depths of their very hearts—nothing can ever quite part them again. We do not say this of those who have only been called, or called themselves, lovers. A couple may be engaged, or it may be even married, and yet that wonderful tie of great love may never have existed between them. When it does exhist, all the waters cannot quench it, nor the seas cover it. For ever and forever—at least in the forever of life—those two are more to each other than any two who have not loved can be. Sometimes happy fate actually unites two who love thus, and they live a long, happy life together.

BOSTON last year consumed 641,603 barrels of lager beer.

WHAT IS MAN?

Say, what is man? Half animal, half spirit,
Poor, wanting, miserable, grandly great.
What is his fortune? It is to inherit
A thousand needs and blessings, such his fate.
Along his way soft pleasures bloom like flowers,
They perish, and are hidden all too soon,
'Neath tortures dire and suffering he cowers,
He grows, aspires, disnerves, and dies in gloom.

I see the vast abundance of creation,
And wonder, overwhelmed with reverent awe;
And, standing in the full illumination,
I am the primal being born of law.
Swift fancy lends me wings, and upward flying
To worlds remote and new I gladly move;
A moment 'neath a mound of earth I'm lying
For born of dust, but dust again I prove.

Thus rises man to eminence and station,
Nature, and Time, and Fortune he defies,
Then sinks in fetters, suffers with starvation,
And lower than the lowest beast he lies.
God-like in grandeur, small beyond expression,
Of weakness full, and of creative power;
Lord of the seas and lands but sad confession,
The fickle slave of passion every hour.

He preaches wisdom, sings in admiration
Of Virtue, pouring flatteries the while,
But soon forgetting Virtue's lofty station,
He sleeps, the paramour of vice and guile.
He dreams of Joy, but oh! the bitter waking,
Lonely and desolate, and all regrets!
'Gainst bad desires a manly battle making,
He mourns the weakness that his soul besets.

Thou masterpiece of God, most royal creature,
Is this thy life alone? Must thou remain
Merely a problem, and the sport of Nature,
The hapless toy of misery and pain?
No! For His own eternities He made thee,
For destinies divine, and brighter light,
Necessities and noble gifts He gave thee
For trial, and to guide thy steps aright.

The steps of youth, so wavering and uncertain,
Leap to experience of riper years;
When that is gained the intervening curtain
Is lifted, and true happiness appears.
'Tis only when, with yearning, anxious glances,
We search for Truth, for Wisdom, and for Light,
Free from all doubt the unfettered soul advances,
And glories in ineffable delight.

Where suns in countless armies are revolving,
The universal splendor I shall see,
The power of the Great Creator solving,
Arrayed in endless happiness shall be.
The mist has vanished, and our brightened vision
Scans the unsearchable, I swiftly roam
With angel powers through a vast elysian,
Past flying orbs, rejoicing in my home.

Phila., 1881. —WALDO MESSAROS.

The Dollar-Bill.

BY J. F. RICHTER.

"ROXANNA, you know," nodded old Mrs. Orley, "the ice-water girl. That strange, semi-savage looking creature, with the dead-black hair and the startled eyes, as if she were always expecting a blow. Well, Mrs. Danberry has lost her gold necklace, and of course nobody could have taken it but Roxanna."

"You don't say so" someone queried.

"Yes" continued the garrulous gossip; "I never thought much of her any how."

"Have they arrested her?" said Effie Hall

"Well, no, not exactly that. They couldn't do that, you know, unless the stolen property was found upon her; and these hardened offenders are a deal too smart for that. But they've discharged her. I always thought, do you know, that there was something not exactly right about Roxanna."

Effie Hall said nothing.

She had liked Roxanna—she felt a vague regret that the girl had proved so unworthy of her liking.

And with a sigh she left the room.

As she crossed the road, with her sketching portfolio on her arm, on her way to the cool woodland dell, she saw Roxanna sitting on a stone, with a bundle on her lap.

"I'm going," said Roxanna curtly. "Good-bye, Miss Effie!"

Effie stopped and looked at her with pitying eyes.

"Roxanna," said she, "I am very sorry for this."

"I didn't take it!" flashed Roxanna.

"Have they paid you your wages?" asked Effie, unheeding this denial.

Roxanna shook her head.

"Have you any money at all?"

Another negative motion.

Effie put her hand into her pocket and brought out a dollar bill.

She was only a girl to be herself.

"Here Roxanna," she said, "take this. Be as careful as you can of it."

Roxanna's lips quivered.

"Thank'ee, miss," said she; "I didn't think anybody cared for me no more."

And Effie left her crying by the roadside.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," said she to herself; "and I shall have to give up those new novels that I was going to enjoy so much under the green shade of the trees. But a dollar is a dollar with me."

Miss Price had invited three other old ladies to tea, and among them was Mrs. Paradox, who knew Mrs. Orley up at the "Wild Glen Hotel."

The Bohea was unexceptionable, the muffins fresh and crisp, the blackberries deliciously flavored with August sunshine.

And Miss Price's new maid waited very handily on the table.

"Ah," said Mrs. Paradox, in a low voice, "Got a new girl, have you?"

Miss Price nodded.

"She came to the door asking for a place," said she; "and I rather fancied her looks. "Roxanna," raising her voice; "go to the pantry for some more coriander cake."

"Roxanna," said Mrs. Paradox, pricking up her ears; "a very unusual name. She hasn't lived up at the hotel, has she?"

"She told me she had come from there," acknowledged Miss Price.

Mrs. Paradox gave a hurried glance at the silver spoons.

"It's the same one," said she. "Big black eyes; a face like a gipsy's. My dear, what a terrible risk you have run? Count over your valuables this very night. Olivia Orley told me all about it. She was dismissed from the 'Wild Glen Hotel' for stealing a gold necklace."

So Roxanna found herself a second time houseless and homeless in the world.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," said she to herself, with a hard laugh. "There ain't much use in my trying to live."

Mrs. Paradox trudged over to the Price cottage the next morning.

"Has that girl gone?" said she.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Price, with a shudder. "I couldn't have kept her another night in the house after that."

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Paradox. "Olivia Orley wrote down for a dress-pattern this morning, and it seems that Roxanna didn't steal the necklace after all. They found it where one of the children had had it playing, down the back of a trunk, caught among the straps and buckles."

"Dear, dear,!" said Miss Price, "what a pity! Not that the necklace was found, but that Roxy has gone. She suited me exactly, I do wish folks would mind their own business,"

In the mean time Roxanna was sitting moodily by the shores of the swift-rushing little river, which wound and curved among the hills just here before it was pressed into the service of calico mills and paper factories in the village below.

"I might as well drown myself," she muttered. "It would be only one splash, and then all would be over. I would if it only wasn't for this."

And she drew from some recess in the folds of her dress, Effie Hall's dollar bill.

"No," she said, "I won't drown myself as long as there is one person in the world that cares enough for me, to give me this."

* * * * * * *

Well, the wheel of time revolved year by year; and one day a bent and feeble widow presented herself at the doors of the 'House of Repose.'

She had worn herself out in vain battling with the world.

Husband and children were dead and gone, fortune has taken unto itself wings, and the wreck of Effie Hall had come here to ask an asylum for the rest of her days.

The woman who answered the bell looked not unkindly at her.

"You've come just in the nick of time, ma'am," said she. "The committee of ladies is just sitting. You'd better go in and tell your story for yourself."

Mrs. Hart—that was the name which Effie Hall had borne for five and twenty years—followed her into the bright little room, carpeted with dark green Brussels and radiant with the gleams of gold and carmine and saintly blue, which streamed in through the stained glass windows.

Three ladies sat there, in superb toilettes of silk and satin, and a fourth, dressed in deep blue velvet, edged with the costly glimmer of Russian sable, stood at the head of the table—a dark-eyed handsome woman with here and there a silver thread shining through the folds of her raven hair—Mrs. Hyde, the president of the "House of Repose."

Effie told her simple story.

The ladies listened with sympathising silence.

"And there are three names on the list which ought to take precedence," added Miss Montague.

Poor Effie burst into tears.

The president held out her ring-sparkled hand.

"Don't be uneasy, Miss Hall," said she—"I mean Mrs. Hart. The house is quite full, and as Miss Montague says, there are three before you in order of application; but I think we can manage somehow."

"I am quite homeless, madam," said the widow. "But—but I don't know how you knew that I was once called Miss Hall."

"The name came almost unconsciously to my lips," said Mrs. Hyde with a smile. "I remembered you the instant my eyes fell on you. But I see you do not remember me."

Effie looked up with a puzzled unrecognizing air.

"Remember you?" she repeated. "Have I ever met you before?"

"Have you forgotten a place called 'Wild Glen Hotel?' and a girl that was called Roxanna—a wild, half tamed thing, whose hand was against every man, and every man's against her? No? Well, I am Roxanna!"

Effie looked incredulously at her.

"Does it not seem strange?" said Mrs. Hyde. "But I went to live with a kind lady who adopted me and educated me; and I married a rich man who loved me just as well as if I were a princess of the blood. But I believe I should have committed suicide in the middle of all my trouble if it had not been for the memory of your kindness Miss Hall—Mrs. Hart, I mean. For you were the only one who ever took the trouble to speak kindly to me. I have always vowed to myself to repay it if I could, and now the time has come. Dear friend—cherished benefactor of my girlhood—my home is yours, now, henceforward and forever!"

And in Mrs Hyde's luxurious mansion the choicest guest-chamber is occupied by a silver-tressed widow, who is honored and beloved as a mother might be.

Thus day by day she draws the interest of the long-forgotten dollar-bill.

And she often thinks too, with a sad heart, of the people in this world who suffer from too hasty a judgment. All of us she feels need every kindness and consideration we can give each other, and that it is always better to think well before the simplest act or word where another's expectation or happiness is concerned.

"If I," she mused, "had thought and acted like the rest towards Roxanna, what might I not be now?"

SOME FULFILLED DREAMS.—Charles Dickens once had a dream which was fulfilled, at least to his own satisfaction. "Here," he wrote on May 30, 1863, "is a curious case at first hand. On Thursday night last week, being at the office here," in London, "I dreamed that I saw a lady in a red shawl with her back toward me, whom I supposed to be E. On her turning round I found that I didn't know her, and she said, "I am Miss Napier." All the time I was dressing next morning I thought, "What a preposterous thing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing! And why Miss Napier? for I never hear of any Miss Napier." That same Friday night I read. After the reading came into my retiring-room Mary Boyle and her brother, and the lady in the red shawl, whom they presented as "Miss Napier." There are all the circumstances exactly told." This was probably a case of unconscious cerebration. Dickens had no doubt really seen the lady, and been told that she was Miss Napier, when his attention was occupied with other matters. There would be nothing unusual in his dreaming about a person whom he had thus seen without noticing. Of course it was an odd coincidence that the lady of whom he had thus dreamed should be introduced to him soon after—possibly the very day after. But such coincidences are not infrequent. To suppose that Dickens had been specially warned in a dream about so unimportant a matter as his introduction to Miss Napier would be absurd, for whether fulfilled or unfulfilled, the dream was, as Dickens himself described it, a very distinct dream about nothing. Far different in this respect was the strange dream which President Lincoln had the night before he was shot. If the story was truly told by Mr. Stanton to Dickens, the case is one of the most curious on record. Dickens told it thus in a letter to John Foster: "On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a Cabinet Council, at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed with surprise that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of lolling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant and questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the Council with the Attorney-General, said to him, That is the most satisfactory Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln! The Attorney-General replied, "We all saw it before you came in. While we were waiting for you," he said, with his chin down on his breast, "Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon." To which the Attorney-General had observed, "Something good, sir. I hope? when the President answered very gravely, "I don't know, I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly, too." As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again. "Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President, "but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once on the night preceding such another' (naming a battle also not favorable to the north). His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?" said the Attorney-General. "Well," replied the President without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift!—and I drift!—but this is not business," suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered, "let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night."

A BOSTON young man just home from "abroad," having been asked the same questions sixty-seven times, now meets a friend in silence, shakes hands, and before that friend can utter "How are you? Had a fine time?" merely places in his hand the following: 1—I am well. 2—Yes, had a fine time. 3—Got back a week ago. 4—Yes, glad to get back. 5—Yes, I have gained flesh. Yes, I have lost flesh. Good-bye.

A BOY was driving a mule; the animal was sullen, stopped, and turned his arched neck upon the boy as in decision and contempt. "Won't go, will you? Feel grand, do you? I guess you forget your father was a jackass."

BETTER than putting one Dollar out at compound interest, is the sending it to Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md., for two boxes of his Celery and Chamomile Pills, which cure nervous disease, quiet the mind, bring on refreshing sleep and prevent paralysis.

Scientific and Useful

IODOFORM.—Iodoform is recommended by French authorities in doses of one-third of a grain, in pillular form, four to five times daily, as a means for lessening the painful and spasmodic cough of pathisical patients.

FIRE ESCAPE.—An Englishman has invented a simple and practical light iron fire escape, which can be fixed under a window as a small table. In case of fire one has only to turn the table out, when it forms a bracket with a light iron ladder hanging from it.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—It is said that a speed of eighteen miles an hour was attained on the Siemens electrical railway at Berlin, but the authorities restrict it to nine miles an hour, the highest rate allowed for street railways, in which category this is officially reckoned.

SOUND AND LIGHT.—A French scientist claims that he has succeeded in reversing the result obtained by Professor Bell in producing light from sound. He has described an experiment to the French Academy by which he contends a transformation of sound into light is produced.

MEASUREMENT OF BOILERS.—Rule for calculating the pressure of steam on a cylinder boiler at any given number of pounds of steam: Multiply the diameter in inches by the length in inches and by the pressure per square inch; the result is the total pressure tending to rupture the boiler.

MIRRORS.—Mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them. They soon look misty, grow rough and granulated, and no longer give back a correct picture. The amalgam, or union of tin foil with mercury, which is spread on glass to form a looking-glass, is easily ruined by the direct, continued exposed to the solar rays.

MOULDINESS.—Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve it; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus, Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy. A few drops of any essential oil will keep books entirely free from it.

NEW CELLULOID.—A new celluloid is said to be obtained from well-peeled potatoes, which are treated for thirty-six hours with a solution of eight parts of sulphuric acid in 100 parts of water. The mass is dried between blotting-paper and then pressed. It is further stated that in France smoking pipes are manufactured out of this new material, which are quite equal in appearance to the meerschaum. By heavy pressure the material acquires such a hardness that billiard balls can be manufactured from it.

Farm and Garden.

FERRETS.—The full-grown ferret is about fourteen inches long, and is noted for its great strength and boldness. Ferrets are bred quite extensively in Europe, for hunting rabbits, rats, and mice. When sent out muzzled, the ferret will return after the hunt to receive food. A ferret will soon rid a house of rats and mice, and it is for this purpose principally that the animal is now bred and cared for by man.

WATERCRESSES.—Frost kills 'watercresses. When they are fast-rooted and flourishing in a brook or any other water, it will be found that after a coat of stout ice has been formed the crop is entirely gone. To preserve cresses out of doors, shelter of some kind is necessary. It is not unusual for the market-growers to let in a flood of fresh water when a sharp frost is expected. This covers the plants, and the ice is formed so far above them that they escape its effects.

TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET IN A CASK.—A correspondent says that he read several years since that a compound of one part sugar, one part nitre, and two parts of the best Spanish salt, beaten together into a fine powder and mixed thoroughly with the butter in the proportion of one ounce to the pound, would keep the butter in every respect sweet and sound during two years. It is also said to impart a rich, marrowy flavor that no other butter ever acquires, and tastes very little of the salt.

SMOKING MEAT.—A writer in a colemporary says: "I consider sawdust the most convenient material I have ever tried. I would prefer it made from the yellow birch, any kind of hickory, oak, maple, ash or linn. I would object to pine, poplar, or cedar. Sawdust makes very little heat, and if the hams are not cured through when hung up to smoke, they will not spoil. If a ham just out of the pickle should be cut in two, and a portion of it around the bone be of a gray color instead of a red, there would be danger of spoiling it if hung in a warm place, but if allowed to dry in a current of cool air, the salt would strike through, and it would cure all right."

MANURE UNDER COVER.—Of course all the advantage of making manure in covered yards, may be secured by box feeding, with less outlay for roofing, since more space must be allowed for a given number of animals turned loose together, than when confined in stalls; it is the protection from rain and sun, the abundant use of litter, and its thorough incorporation with the excrements, and the exclusion of air by compact treading, which go to make the superior manure; all these features of the method work against the loss of valuable plant food. Nor does box feeding and constant accumulation of the manure under the feet of the animal necessarily imply offensive stalls.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 8, 1881.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"TRIED BY FIRE," and "ARDEN COURT."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

BEING AGREEABLE.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather seem well entertained with them than to give entertainment to them. A man thus disposed perhaps may not have much learning, nor any wit; but if he have common sense and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than brightest talents without this disposition; and, when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of Nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.

Bearing this in mind, there is something pleasingly significant in the fact that when man meets man the first impulse excited is one of good-will. All forms of greeting—some of them, it must be owned, a little grotesque—are overtures, or at any rate profess to be, of kindly regard. Whether made by words or gestures, or both, they are meant to convey between those who use them friendly desires. Making every deduction requisite on the score of custom and the like, it is agreeable to believe that the wish which makes the earliest appearance when people meet is for each other's welfare—the first flash of soul which follows content is one of love. It bespeaks the brotherhood of the race. It shows that down below the surface there is an undercurrent of mutual sympathy and disinterestedness, let the ripple or the roughness, the swirl or the eddies, be what they may above. When our nature goes out to the tent-door to recognize the presence of its kin, it takes with it all the charities, and "Peace be with you" is the meaning of the salutation which it breathes.

In intercourse with our kind, and as steps to being agreeable, we will not be sorry for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer; for disbelieving most of ill-reports; for being kind to the distressed; for being patient towards everybody; for doing good to all men; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for speaking evil of no one; for being courteous to all.

One of the social lessons which we have to learn from experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that we cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced, and no impression made.

A deep and profound knowledge of ourselves will never fail to curb the emotions we may feel at the foibles of others, and so contribute towards our being agreeable to them. We shall have learnt the difficulty of correcting our own habits too well too suppose it easy in them, and instead of making them the objects of our sarcasm or ill-treatment, in procuring pleasure for them, we will be doing good to ourselves.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is authoritatively stated that French crops will not meet the need for home consumption, and that American imports must supply the deficiency, thus implying a continuance of the gold drain to America.

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A NUMBER of young men in Charleston, S. C., have associated to pay into a common fund one dollar a month for every share in the fund held by each, the money eventually to be invested in real estate, which at the end of ten years is to be sold, when the proceeds will be divided.

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IN the city of Paris there are five hundred houses in which two thousand clocks are receiving time from one clock. Sixteen miles of pipe are laid through the sewers, through which compressed air is carried from a central regulator to the different clocks, giving the correct time to the whole city.

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IN 1877 a law was passed in Switzerland compelling factory owners to report all accidents occurring in their establishments. This law has resulted in stimulating owners to take every precaution possible. Many mill owners have combined and engaged experts to test boilers and instruct firemen in charge.

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WHEN father and mother have their life and friends quite apart from those of their children, when the boys are in a hurry to scatter in every direction after tea, and the girls prefer any place to their home, the home is in a dangerous state. It should be more than four walls, more than a roof, a shelter from the storm, and a place to eat in and sleep in, and if it be only those, it has failed in its mission.

—

THERE is a new invention. Another use for woman's work has been discovered. Not content with painting or embroidering panels for screens, the latest idea is to arrange a moveable panel or panels in drawing-room doors, which can be covered with any specimen of handiwork,—either photographs, pieces of cretonne, crewel work, oil or water-color painting, old lace—and removed without harm when the apartment is cleaned.

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EXPERTS say that there are 331 different styles of bicycles now in use. The bicycle of 1881 is the combined product of the ideas of four great nations. Of the six ideas which are illustrated in the various component parts, France has contributed two, England two, Germany one, and America one. The American contribution or suggestion—that of the rubber tire—is generally regarded as practically the most valuable of all. This rubber tire enables the bicyclist to accomplish the otherwise impossible feat of running up hill. The rubber has also been applied with success to the wheels of dog-carts and other vehicles.

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THERE are five cities in the world having each a population of over 1,000,000 inhabitants, one each in Britain, the United States, Germany, France and Austria. There are nine having over 500,000 inhabitants, three in Great Britain, three in the United States, two in Russia, and one in Turkey. Of cities having between 200,000 and 500,000 inhabitants there are 29—six in the United States, five in Great Britain, four in Germany and in Italy, three in France, two in Spain, and one in Russia, Austria, Belgium, Holland and Portugal.

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THE English continue to despise gas as a medium of light in their drawing or dining-rooms, and the most approved manner of lighting the latter is by means of wax candles placed in candelabras, each candle being covered with a tiny shade of any color most becoming to the hostess. Twenty-six candles will give as much light as one of our chandeliers, and the eyes are not tortured, nor the complexion made hideous, as in glowing, glaring American houses. If candles are not practicable, lamps shaded with silk and lace are used

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A WRITER in the *Science Monthly* argues that the mysterious mound-builders of the West were, after all, none other than the Indians found here on the coming of the white man. He shows that the Indians possessed every known trait of the mound-builders, and that they are known to have built mounds which still exist. He urges, therefore, that it is quite unnecessary to appeal to any other agency than the Indian. If this be true, the shadowy race of mound-builders, about whose existence there has been so much speculation, fades away into nothingness.

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IN Japan the observances of rank are very strict. Merchants are not allowed the privilege of wearing swords, and are looked upon with contempt by the nobles and government officials. They never can aspire to the rank of gentlemen were they as rich as Rothschild. But, as in many other lands, they form the wealthiest class, and live in luxurious style. So in Japan their wealth gives them the means of purchasing lands, building commodious houses surrounded by gardens most tastefully laid out, and of enjoying life in a style unknown to mere officials.

—

A GERMAN philosopher has been experimenting as to the influence of intellectual labor upon the circulation of the blood. His observations show that the heart-beats are increased two to three pulsations per second. The greater the labor, and the closer the attention, the greater the number of pulsations. Thus the philosopher discovered that the study of geometry, to which he had never given much attention, made his heart beat more rapidly than that of philosophy, with which he was already familiar. Concerning the effect of love-making upon the heart-beats he does not appear to have recorded any observations.

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IT is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews and sinews of a man, and he will set failure at defiance. A man has good reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But, of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind with a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy, any time.

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SENTIMENTAL admirers of the ocean, who constantly flounder around in a slough of set phrases to describe their ecstacies, should go to that famous French word-painter, Theophile Gautier, and hear his opinion of its beauties. He says, in one of his books, that he "had never seen anything falser, dryer, dirtier, colder, grayer in tone than the so-much vaunted ocean. It looked like an execrable painting of a glazier. All those wretched, jump-backed swollen waves, with their little tufts of white wool on them, produce the most meagre effect, and look like grocers' shops with some sheets and shirts hung out to dry at the door." But Gautier must have surely been laboring with sea-sickness, or the spleen, when he wrote that, and then, he had never seen this side of the Atlantic.

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A WRITER in the London *Queen* declares that the highest classes in England do not represent good usage in the matter of pronunciation. He says they of all classes pay the least attention to the subject. The highest persons in the highest ranks retain the old custom of dropping the sound of g in words ending in ing. Shilling is shillin, and this according to the rule given in the "British Grammar" of 1762. It says, "the g in the termination ing is not sounded, for we pronounce dancin, playin, singin, etc., not dancing, etc." Walker, in his "Rhetorical Grammar" (fourth edition, 1807,) says of such words as singing, bringing and flinging, "our best speakers universally pronounce them singin, brigin, etc." The aristocracy still holds to the old mode.

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Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the many musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour's merriment within doors, and merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of the bright little home sanctum.

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POETICALLY considered tears are liquid pearls, or dew-drops, glistening in the eye of beauty; but, as a matter of chemical fact, they are a weak solution of chloride of sodium and phosphate of lime. Physiology again teaches us that they are the overflow of the lachrymal glands, caused by the contraction of certain muscles, and, therefore, tears must be less sentimental than muscular, and have only to do with the emotions when foolish people let their emotions have the upper hand. Tears are by no means as æsthetic as all reading tell us they should be. The pearly drops ought to well up and fill the beauteous orbs with unfathomable radiance, but as a matter of cruel fact, they usually dribble down the bridge of the nose; it requires a good deal of training to let them suffuse the eye, and then to fall on to the snow-white hand, or on to his hand, as occasion happens in tender moments. Kissing away tears sounds thrillingly sweet, but, on the whole, a handkerchief performs the duty much more effectually than a moustache.

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A FARMER in Iowa sends the following novel proposition, respecting telephone facilities, to the Iowa *State Register*: "Will not some of those smart patent-right men invent a cheap insulator? Then we can utilize our wire fences for telephones, and have the whole country connected and in speaking distance of each other. At the road-crossings insulated cables can be run under ground, or regular poles can be planted to raise the wires above travel. In riding around I notice we have a continuous wire on the fences already. All we need is an insulator, costing a small sum, and which is so arranged that the wire can be tightened, and held firmly and securely; and we shall have the lines already strung that will do away with a telegraph monopoly (if there is one.) Then make each postoffice a telephone exchange, and business for farmers will be expedited, saving many trips to town to order parts of machinery, or to learn if some important letter has arrived. Visiting friends can notify us of their arrival on the train; hasty trips for medical assistance may be done away with, and many things not now thought of."

IN THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY A. E. BALDWIN.

Within his antique chair he sits, and on his oaken staff
He leans—our grandsire—marking not the children's joyous laugh;
On deadened ears their prattle falls as they around him play—
He heeds them not; though here he sits, his soul is far away.

His cheeks are wrinkled with the wear of fourscore toilsome years,
And, may be, somewhat furrowed by a lifetime's frequent tears;
But there is that upon his face—the spirit's inward truth—
Fairer, oh, fairer far to see, than rosy cheeks of Youth!

Within his old arm-chair he sits, our grandsire worn and gray;
Fixed are his steadfast serious eyes on visions far away;
And, as upon his aged head the golden sun-rays shine,
They shed around his snow-white locks a halo all divine.

Disturb him not—our thoughts are not in common with his own;
With souls he holds communion, although he seems alone;
And those to whom this solemn gift, whilst yet on earth, is given
Are drawing very, very near unto the gates of Heav'n!

Under The Lighthouse.

BY J. P. RICHTER.

"NELLIE, I wonder why it is that you have not married yet? I am sure it cannot be for want of offers."

Mrs. Custance, Nellie's old friend and schoolfellow, with whose party she was staying at Peterhead, was the speaker; and had you or I been in Buchan Haven cove on this sunny summer morning, lounging with them on the sand, we should have awaited the answer with some curiosity. For none could deny that Nellie Stewart was a beautiful woman, beautiful still with the beauty of girlhood, though she only wanted three years of thirty.

For a moment there was silence.

"Not so many as you would suppose, Mary," she replied, with something of bitterness which was wasted upon the distant horizon.

"Then that must be your fault," said Mrs. Custance, keenly watching the face only half turned from her.

"It may be so; I daresay it is. You think that I have suitors always at my feet. No, Mary; shall I tell you how it is? Shall I confess? My face is pretty enough to make one wish to be introduced to me; in the city my life seems to be one long series of introductions to fresh men,—to soldiers, sailors, tinkers, and tailors," added she, laughingly, casting a stone into the sea. "Hostesses like to have me, for I always draw at first. I look very well at a distance, and make quite a pretty picture. But men never dance with me twice: not because my 'paces are bad,' as Mr. Colwyn would say, but because, Mary—they don't like me."

"Really, Nellie, you always were a ridiculous girl," answered Mrs. Custance, not well pleased by the tone of Nellie's allusion to her other guest.

"No, it is because I too often make them appear ridiculous that they don't like me. Men are naturally so vain, my dear, that they never forgive a woman who meets them on an equality. My new partner says something foolish to me—indeed he seldom says anything else—and it hardly needs a word from me—a mere look is often enough—to send him off, to tell the first friend he meets, 'Dooced odd girl that; uncomfortable sort o' girl.' And he doesn't ask for another dance, Mary. I am sure to hurt their pride, and away they go. Isn't it a dreadful thing to have a sense of the ridiculous, and a mastering inclination to use the powers of repartee nature has given us?" finished Nellie, with a comic sigh that had a plaintive reality in its depths.

"What an odd girl you are, Nellie!" said the elder woman pettishly.

"Just what my new partner says when we have had our first and only dance."

"Well, at any rate all men are not of his opinion; some come back for a second and a third, and as many as you will give them, Nellie;" and Mrs. Custance glanced meaningly at a little boat with two rowers which had just rounded the arm of the tiny bay, and was slowly making its way towards them.

"Yes, but those who are so ready to accept the superiorities of my contemptuous highness are hardly fit to become my lord and master," said Nellie, in a lower tone. "Mary," with a sudden cry as she turned to the other, putting her hand in hers, "you do not think me spiteful and ill-natured?"

Mrs Custance saw that the eyes were brimming with tears, and hardly needed her womanly clearness to divine the warm depths that underlay the sparkling cynical surface which her clever friend opposed to the world.

The kindly little woman administered feminine comfort in the shape of a kiss, and, possessing the wonderful knowledge of when it is best to let well and ill alone, said nothing upon a subject which was very near her heart. She rose, and proposed that they should stroll along the shore and meet the boat which was coming to fetch them back to Peterhead and luncheon.

The Custances has been there a month, and would leave in a day or two to join some friends elsewhere. The party was not a large one, consisting only of themselves, their two children, Mrs. Custance's brother, Jack Colwyn, and her close friend, Nellie Stewart. That the party might be made smaller by the conversion of the two latter into one was the earnest desire of the pretty little woman, who was herself so happy in her husband and children and in the little nest at Brompton. Her brother was only too anxious to fall in with her wishes; he had dogged the Stewart's footsteps through the earlier part of the season, and now he was playing attendance at Peterhead, when his natural impulses would have led him to seek some spot where the fishing was better and the society exclusively male. Jack Colwyn was a favorite with men, but until he met Nellie at his sister's house he had avoided with some care the places where the other sex congregate. Jack, in truth, was better with his fists than with his tongue. And of course he had never shown to advantage in the presence of his mistress. He knew the reputation for wit and sarcasm, not to say ill-nature, which Nellie Stewart had won among men of more brilliant parts than himself; but seeing so much of her in the intimacy of his sister's home, though he would writhe under her barely disguised contempt and her unconcealed sense of superiority, he dimly discerned the womanly feelings which underlay these ebullitions, and continued his eager pursuit.

"Miss Stewart, it is a long time until dinner, and my sister has issued an edict against dressing for the same. Will you let me row you out for half an hour? It is so cool now."

"I will come with pleasure, I am sure," cried Nellie, who had a genuine and great love of the water. "Ted," she added to one of the children, "will you fetch me my cloak?"

Now Nellie felt almost sure that Jack intended to propose to her this evening. She made a shrewd guess that her friend had been sounding her on his behalf, and had reported not altogether unfavorably. She had no thought of evading it, and no intention of taking him. True, she had a sneaking kind of liking for Jack in a cousinly way, and a dim sense of his good qualities; but it was as she had said,—she was too conscious of her own superiority to be able to feel for the good-natured, shy, and ordinary young fellow as her romantic nature would have her feel for her future lord and master.

Once out into the middle of the harbor, away from the slimy stone steps, Colwyn rested on his oars, and swinging the boat broadside to the town, they looked back at its huddley stone houses, at its streets all leading to the sea.

"Will you pull us under the Boddam shore, Mr. Colwyn? We have never gone up that side of the bay."

For answer Jack pulled sturdily towards the eastern shore of the harbor. The tide was with him, and they were soon lying a few hundred yards from the sandhills, against which the waves were gently plashing. Then he again lay on his oars, and thinking to himself—for he was prone, I regret to say, as Nellie had hinted, to metaphors of a sporting nature— "Harden your heart and stick in your knees, old boy!" he out and spoke his mind.

"Miss Stewart," he said, after an appeal more manly and to the purpose than the girl, who sat gazing into the depth of the water, aware that she must hear him out, had expected, "I have known more of you than many men see or know of the girls they would marry, and I am certain that you would make me happy; and, Nellie, that my life would not be so empty with you as it has been. I do love you; let me try to make you as happy as you would make me."

And Jack Colwyn leant forward to hear his fate in a very downright manner.

"I am sorry," began the girl, in the stereotyped form, finding it by no means so easy to give him his answer as she expected, for the earnestness of his appeal touched her, and her eyes were full of tears, and Jack through them looked very manly in his flannel shirt and the straightforwardness of his love; and the sun was setting too. "No, it cannot be, Mr. Colwyn. I know that you were going to ask me; but I could hardly prevent you. I can only say no. I do not feel towards you, and I am sure I never shall, as a girl should to the man who is to be her husband. I—I am quite sure of it and I shall be glad if you will not ask me again, or refer to it. Please to forget that it has happened; and—and, Mr. Colwyn, do not let us be worse friends. I should be sorry for that. I cannot do what you ask; but I have not many friends."

And Nellie stretched out her hands to him, wilful little creature, and there were softened tones in her voice that few had heard, and the hand that she held out trembled so that his reluctant one could hardly touch it.

"Yes, I will try," he said quietly and sadly, and looked at the end of his sculls as he turned the boat round.

"We shall be late," said she, with an attempt at cheerfulness; "and we have floated so far that the town is quite indistinct."

Jack made no answer—he was busy turning the boat's head round; and a man cannot, like a woman, on these occasions at once disguise his defeat under careless talk. It was some satisfaction to him to put his strength into the pulling, to grind his feet against the stretcher, and to make the thole-pin groan with the strain put upon them, to hear the water washing around the bows with every stroke.

Miss Stewart, who had command of the rudder-strings, said no more, but, letting her hand drop into the cool water, watched the ripples that streamed and widened from her white fingers. Maybe, too, from the corners of her eyes she cast a glance of feminine admiration at the broad shoulders and brown arms that were making the little boat bound so merrily. But, after a time, she looked up, and glancing at the shore, said.

"We don't seem to have gone far, when you look at the shore, do we? And yet we must have."

Jack looked up, and with surprise—for he knew better than she did the vigor he had been throwing into his strokes—observed that they were still abreast, or rather but a little on the homeward side the big chimney which they had become accustomed to regard as a land mark. Even while he stayed to look they lost the distance by which they had passed it, and were in a line with it again.

"By Jove!" said he, setting to work at once more strenuously than before, "what a tremendous current there is on this side the bay! I remembering hearing Peter Jones say that there was one at certain states of the tide; but I had quite forgotten it."

Peter Jones was the old fisherman from whom they hired the boat; and Nellie looked up in alarm, but was comforted by observing that they were slowly but surely making way. Jack's powerful strokes were sending them against the current, which beat upon the boat as if the latter were making several miles an hour. But Jack knew that this could hardly go on; he was putting all his strength into the strokes, and if he made no more way than this, even could he hold out, they would not be back until after dark.

"I had better pull out into the middle of the bay. Will you please to put her head that way? The current runs only along this shore, I fancy, and in the middle we may escape it."

Suiting the action to the word, he pulled his right scull hard and ceased with his left, while Nellie pulled her right string. The current made turning difficult; and Jack, seeing how far the boat is being carried back, pulled a violent stroke or two with his right.

In a minute, the scull, a hired, snaps in two, and the longer end has floated down the stream. Colwyn cannot altogether stifle a cry of dismay; the imminence of the danger is at once before his eyes. The now unmanageable boat is in the centre of the current, which, unless help arrive, may carry it into the open sea; and Jack, who is aware that a brisk east wind has been blowing all day, knows full well how short a time the little craft will float there.

Nellie did not so quickly comprehend the situation. She too uttered a cry when she saw the accident and the speed at which the boat immediately began to drift backwards; but the idea of real danger did not at once come home to her mind. She had never been in peril of her life, and the fact that she now was in that peril did not so easily occur to her as to Colwyn who in course of his sporting experience had faced death more than once.

Now he turned to make the best of the situation; he threw over his other scull to that side, and while Nellie pulled to the contrary string, tried to get the boat round out of the current, as he had been endeavouring to do when the accident occurred. He only did it in the hope that they might be almost out of its influence, and the attempt was futile. Then he bent all his strength and skill to work the boat against the stream with one scull plied at the stern, in the old fashioned manner; but his efforts were equally in vain. Hardly five minutes had passed since the accident, and already all that he had gained in his twenty minutes pull against the stream was lost; the boat was abreast of the tall chimney again; nay, it was seaward of it before Jack had time to note his position. He could guess now that the rough water which marked the entrance of the harbor was little more than half mile away, if so much, while the breakers which flanked it, on to which it seemed more probable that the boat would be carried, were nearer. In his pain, as he contemplated the almost immediate crisis, there was no selfishness; it never occurred to him as a satisfaction that they would perish together. If he could only save her! he cared little, genuinely little, at that moment to save himself. But to see her die by his side, to see those hands struggling and that fair face working in the agony of suffocation, while the gray relentless waves rolled on and over it—that did fill his soul with an anguish that almost made him cry aloud. And he knew now though he hardly dared to look at the white face before him, that she comprehended some part, if not all, of their peril. Yes, Nellie could not but see the white line of breakers that stretched out from the now distant shore across their path, she could not but see how swiftly they were bearing down upon them. Already the distant roar of the waves breaking over the hidden rocks came, with what muttering of threats, to the ears of those two, can well be imagined. When he gave up his attempt to scull at the stern and returned to his seat, she said:

"Is there any hope?"

Jack was a brave man, and that quiver in the poor girl's voice, while it wrung his heart, pulled him together.

"Yes, there is hope, though we are in some danger. Will you wave my pocket-handkerchief on your umbrella? They may see it from the lighthouse at the mouth of the harbor, and notice where we are. No doubt they are looking out for us at the town," he added; "but we are too far away, I fear, for their help to be of much avail."

Nellie strained her eyes across the water to where the town could dimly be discerned, and thought of the dear friends who at this moment were probably looking towards them. The sunset tints were dying away, and the stillness of evening was over everything save the relentless breakers, whose thunder came more and more loudly on the ear.

"Ha," cried Jack suddenly, "what an idiot I have been—the stone!" and he hurriedly caught up from under a seat where it had lain hid the great stone which they used as an anchor when fishing. Until that moment it had been unheeded. The rope was loose, but he fastened it to the seat, and flung the stone, which was now almost their only hope, over the side with all possible speed. Down, down it went through the gray-green water, checking the boat's progress in some degree before the rope became taut. Would it reach the bottom? and if it did, would it drag or become fixed? and would the old rope stand the strain of the current? Nellie watched him with heaving breast, one hand clutching the seat, while the other mechanically waved the signal of distress. No; Jack gave a groan as he saw that the rope was not long enough; the stone was not at the bottom; still, it very much stayed their progress. They were now being carried along at a quarter of their former speed. Yet he saw that nearly all hope was gone. There were sails in sight, but at a great distance, while the white line of foam was not three hundred yards away. He could do no more; he did not know how to say anything cheering to her. At last he told her that there was some chance yet, for nearer the breakers the water might grow more shallow, and the anchor find holding-ground. From which Nellie knew that all other hope was gone, and gave a shuddering glance at the gray waves, that more and more boisterously leapt up against the sides of the little craft, as they had not done in the still water nearer the shore. Nearer and nearer, until the thunder of the waves falling on the sunken rocks seemed to fill the air, and the boat rocked up and down perilously. Vaguely she saw her companion writing something inside some leaves of his pocket-book, and nailing the little packet to the seat of the boat with his knife. Then he leant over towards her, where she crouched rather than sat, her eyes fixed upon the waves, that struck the side with more and more violence.

"Nellie, let me take your hand. My darling," he went on, holding the cold trembling hand firmly in his own, "it will not be very bad. Shut your eyes and don't watch the water."

The girl did as she was told, and bowed her head on her knees, while Colwyn sat gazing with pale set face at the white line now close at hand. The sun had altogether gone, and it was almost dark; up above, but beyond the reef, the gleam of the lighthouse was now appearing and disappearing. So they sat a few moments waiting for the end, while the darkness gathered, and the thunder of the breakers grew louder and louder. Then Colwyn noticed that they were getting no nearer. Had the anchor caught? No. The hope died away almost as soon as conceived, and he saw that the current was carrying them no longer straight upon, but rather across the front of the reef, and towards the centre of the mouth of the harbor. It gave them a few more minutes before the end; the struggle in the rough water might last a little longer than in the foaming surge, but the end would come, and it would be the same. He did not tell Nellie of the change. She still sat; and he clasped her hand, trying only to comfort her by his presence, until he saw that the boat would certainly clear the reef.

"We have passed the breakers, Nellie; but we are going into the broken water. The boat must soon be swamped; yet we may cling to it for some time, and may possibly be saved yet."

She looked up at his first words with a white quivering face; but he could not give her a look that told of hope. When she saw the white foam abreast of them, and the great rollers which raised the boat up and down like a cockleshell, and hid at times everything from them but the dim gray stretch of heaving water and the revolving light above, she shudderingly said:

"Good-bye!"

Then, with the faintest pressure of his hand, she bent her head again upon her knees.

He passed one arm round her, that they might not be parted when the boat went from under them—and then he saw that they were saved. There, there, hardly two hundred yards from them, and coming down through the gloom, looking twice its size, was a fishing-smack. The keeper of the lighthouse had observed them and their signal, and given the alarm at Boddam Harbor; the rescuing smack had stolen up on its errand of mercy, hidden from them by the breakers, until the little boat passed beyond the latter. Colwyn doubted if his craft would ride until the other came up, though he hoped to be able to keep Nellie and himself afloat. But he was not to save her life. The little vessel floated bravely until the other was within a few yards; then Colwyn turned to his companion.

"There is hope; there is life. Thank God, Nellie! Look up!"

She did, and fainted; she was but a woman, after all.

The rescuers pitched a rope to them, and soon they were safely on board. Nellie recovered in no long time, and in a couple of hours they were being driven back to Peterhead and their friends.

The road was difficult and the drive long; and Nellie had time to think with a shudder of those great gray rolling waves that would for many nights haunt her sleep, and with heightened pulse of the man who had done all while anything was to be done, and then had sat down bravely and calmly to face death, thinking only how he might comfort the girl whose hand he clasped.

She reminded herself what had been her morning thoughts of him with a sigh and a blush. The carriage was rolling over the

stony streets of Peterhead, when she leant towards him:

"I told you not to ask me again, Mr. Colwyn, the question you asked this morning. I did not know my own mind or you. If it will please you, I can say now I do love you."

Our Young Folks.

LOST ROSANNA.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

The reapers were hard at work; but they were not reaping now, for the corn was all cut and was bound into sheaves which stood bolt upright all over the field, making little Rosanna think of Joseph's dream, about which her father had preached not many Sundays before.

But the sheaves were not to remain very long in their present position; they were being carted off in great wagons, and Farmer Hawthorn thought the whole would be got in that afternoon; and the reapers were working hard, for after the last load was carried came the harvest supper.

Rosanna was looking forward to seeing it. Joe, one of the boys on the farm, had told what a grand thing it was to see the last wagon-load drive into the yard with all the men about it, and what a cheer they gave—"enough," Joe said, "to lift the roof of the farmhouse, it was so loud." And then the horses were put up and fed. And the supper began. Joe said it was one of the merriest feasts in the year. So Rosanna looked forward to it, and wondered what she could do to help in it.

She could not set the table, and she could not cook; but she could get some flowers to decorate the room, and she knew where there were some beautiful ones. So, though she had never been so far by herself, she started off across the fields and into the wood, and down the shady pool where the tall bulrushes lifted up their furry heads and looked, as Rosanna said to herself, like velvet pokers.

There were great pink mellows, and blue forget-me-nots, and splendid yellow water-flags growing there also, and she could make quite a pretty posy for the farmer's wife.

Little Rosanna was not a country child; her father was a poor clergyman in a poor town parish. She had been very ill with fever, and when she had recovered had been sent into the country to get up her strength.

Farmer Hawthorn was the brother of one of Mr. Grey's parishoners, and had said—

"Let the little one come to my wife, and she'll soon get her up again."

So Rosanna came, and the whole day long was in a state of wonder and delight at all that she saw.

To day, as she sat beside the pool with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes, no one would have known her for the pale, thin little girl of a month before.

Rosanna began to gather the flowers, and went on gathering without thinking how quickly time passed. But at length she had collected a sufficiently large bunch to satisfy her, and quite as much as her hands would hold, and then she turned to go home.

But Rosanna, having never been so far by herself, and not knowing the wood-paths, took the wrong one, and wandered on in quite a contrary direction until she came out of the wood, and close on a high road that she did not know at all.

She sat down on a bank and almost began to cry; for, besides not knowing where she was, she had broken her promise to Mrs. Hawthorn, the farmer's wife who had told her never to go anywhere out of the garden or the farmyard without asking her leave.

II.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Hawthorn, panting, as she was lifting down a great china jug, "I wonder where that child is?"

"Out in the barn or in the orchard, I dare say," said the farmer; "I'll go and see."

And he went not only into the farm and orchard, but all about the farm-buildings, but no Rosanna was to be seen; and all that he could learn was that she had been seen going towards the wood.

"And may be in the pool by this time," said Farmer Hawthorn, in dismay. And he started off as fast as he could go in pursuit of her.

But Rosanna had now not only gone some distance along the high road, where she had sat down, but, seeing a lane with farm buildings at the end of it which seemed to have a look of Dale Farm about them, she made her way to them. As she drew near, she saw a boy looking over a gate.

"What do you want here?" he asked roughly.

"Please, I wont to go to Farmer Hawthorne's, and I don't know the way, will you tell me?" said she timidly.

The boy burst into a laugh.

"Oh, yes; of course I will," he answered. "You must go straight on, then take the turn to the right and then the next turn to the left."

"Thank you," said Rosanna.

And the boy laughed again.

She went on and on, saying over to herself, "First turn to the right, next turn to the left," lest she should forget it. But instead of finding her way to the Dale Farm she was going farther and farther away from it every step she took.

This the rude boy knew; but he thought it was good fun to lead the poor little girl in a wrong direction. He was one of those boys who do not mind doing an unkind thing for the sake of a joke.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?" said Rosanna, when, after following the boy's directions, she found herself close to a bleak common, with blue hills in the distance. She was just beginning to cry, when she saw a girl coming towards her.

"Perhaps she can tell me the way"

But no, the girl was a stranger going to the next town; though when she heard Rosanna's story she gave her a piece of bread that she had in her basket, which Rosanna accepted and ate eagerly.

The girl advised her to turn back, and then went on her way. But Rosanna was by this time so bewildered that she made another wrong turn, and wandered away farther and farther from Farmer Hawthorn's. She wished she had asked Mrs. Hawthorn about the wood and the pool, and then some one might know where to find her.

III

"Well, Bob, you've got yourself into trouble now, I should say, by your jokes and your idea of good fun, if you never did before," said James Croft to his cousin. For Bob had been narrating what fun he had had that afternoon with a stupid little girl who wanted to find Dale Farm. "There's no doubt but that's the very little girl that there's such a hue and cry about. Farmer Hawthorn's men are out in every direction. It's the little girl from Langley, the clergyman's child."

"Nonsense," said Bob, looking uneasy. "I don't believe it is; it was a little round-faced girl with a great bow of red ribbon on her bonnet."

"Yes, that's the child," said James; "poor little thing, I wonder where she is? It was mean of you to send the girl the wrong way."

Bob winced a little.

"Well, I'm going to cricket, and if it should happen to be the child you've been looking for she is as likely to be in that direction as any other, so you had better come with me."

"Bob, it is the child and you may as well tell me the truth. Which way did you tell her to go?"

"Well," said he at last, "I told her to go down this lane, then to the right, then to the left."

"So she would find herself on the common, and get lost there, or perhaps get into one of the bogholes. It's a poor sort of joke, Bob."

Bob made no answer, and they walked on.

Lea's Green was a little to the left of the common, and James Croft stood hesitating which way he should take.

He looked across the common, but no little figure stood out against the horizon.

Bob walked along silently, perhaps ashamed of himself; and as they suddenly turned a corner they came in sight of a little crushed-up figure, with its face bowed in its hands, sobbing bitterly.

Bob uttered an exclamation, and the child looked up; but only to give a frightened cry, and crouch closer to the hedge.

James Croft advanced.

"Are you the little girl that Farmer Hawthorn is looking for?" he asked.

Rosanna looked up eagerly; but catching sight of Bob, said:

"Oh, you'll tell me wrong! you'll tell me wrong!"

"No," answered James gently, "I shall not tell you wrong; I am a friend of Farmer Hawthorn's."

Rosanna looked keenly at him, and then at Bob.

"But you are with *him*," she said.

"Yes, he is my cousin, and I think he is sorry that he told you to go the wrong way."

James Croft's manner reassured Rosanna.

"Is he sorry?" she said, "I am glad of that, for it was very cruel of him to send me the wrong way."

Bob had turned away, and was walking quickly towards the cricket-ground.

"I know the way to Farmer Hawthorn's quite well," said James, "and I'll take you there."

At Bob's house they stopped, and Bob's mother gave Rosanna some milk and some bread and butter; and then she and James set off again.

They went over the high road, and into the field, and through the wood, and past the pool, and into a lane near the cornfield.

And coming along was a cart laden with wheat.

James stopped it, and poor little tired Rosanna was mounted among the sheaves.

How glad she was to find herself on the way to the Dale Farm!

IV.

The news that Rosanna was found spread far and wide.

Mrs. Hawthorn flew to meet the cart.

"Oh, Mrs. Hawthorn," said Rosanna, "I was very naughty to go. Will you forgive me."

And then Rosanna burst out crying again, and Mrs. Hawthorn cried also, for joy at seeing her safe.

And Farmer Hawthorn said:

"If you don't leave off crying we shall never have the harvest supper ready. Now make haste, make haste, wife; the last load will be coming in, and then we must give them a merry welcome, since our trouble is over, and our little visitor is safe and sound."

As the farmer spoke a loud shout was heard in the distance, and before long the cart with its load drew up, some of the men seated on the top, the others cheering heartily.

Rosanna thought she had never heard such a noise; but she did not dislike it.

Farmer Hawthorn said that James Croft must stay to supper and help him to entertain the men.

And Mrs. Hawthorn said that Rosanna might sit up and see something of the merriment.

Rosanna found an opportunity to whisper to James Croft:

"Your cousin was a bad boy, but I shall never tell that he told me to go the wrong way, because he is your cousin, and you are good. Father says we should not tell tales of others. I was naughty too; I did not keep my promise, and if I'm not good to others, people will not be good to me."

"That is quite a little sermon," said James.

"My father has taught me," replied Rosanna, "that if I do wrong ever so little I shall get into trouble through it, and so I have done. And if you had not found me I don't know what would have happened."

Just then Farmer Hawthorn said, "stand up." And all the men stood up.

"Before we begin supper," said the farmer, "let us return thanks for the good harvest we have gathered in. Throughout the land the harvest-home this year will be a day of rejoicing, for plenty has come to the land through the Hand that has sent the sunshine and the rain, and made the seed to grow and bring forth abundantly."

Much more the good farmer said, and when he had finished the men sat down and enjoyed their merry harvest-home to their hearts' content.

MUSICAL STONES.—The chink stone indicates by its name its sonorous qualities. The red granite of the Thebaid in Egypt possesses similar properties. Most of the obelisks were made of this. So musical are the rocks on the banks of the Orinoco, visited by Humboldt, that their sounds are ascribed to witchcraft by the natives. In Brazil are large blocks of basalt which emitted clear sounds when struck; and the Chinese employ this stone in the fabrication of musical instruments. Some years since, an artisan exhibited a rock harmonicon composed of slabs of stone, placed at certain distances apart, upon which several pieces of music were performed. At the Crystal Palace. There was a performance on musical stones. The most celebrated of these acoustic wonders is the Mountain of the Bell, a low sandy hill in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, in Arabia which gives sounds varying in power from a humming chord to thunder. Many have distinctly heard sounds from the historic statue of Memnon, and many inscriptions of ancient date are to the same effect, notably one on the left leg, of which the following is a translation: "I, P. Balbinus, have heard the divine voice of the statue of Memnon, etc., etc." "I was in the company of the amiable Queen Sabina (wife of Hadrian." It was not till the time of Nero that this statue had any musical reputation. It has been supposed that it was shaken in an earthquake in the 27th year before Christ, and that the granite full of cracks may, under certain atmospheric changes, have given forth sounds. Some say that the action of the rising sun upon the cracks in the stone, moist with dew, caused the peculiar sound produced. Certainly since the repairs were made in the time of Septimus Severus, the sounds have been rarely heard. Some think the Memnonic sounds were contrived by the priests, because a stone still exists in the lap of the statue, with a recess cut in the block immediately behind it, in which a person could be completely concealed; and because while important personages like the Emperor Hadrian sometimes heard as many as three utterances of sound, ordinary mortals sometimes only heard one sound, after repeated visits.

SEASIDE CONVERSATION:—"The hen is a frugal housekeeper," said the old Dominique; "she finds her nest and then she makes her own spreads." "And the chicks have to shell out before she scratches a single worm for them," said the Bantam. 'Yes indeed,' said the Dominique; "the chicks come down the first thing." "He has to," said the Spangle, "feather or no." How can the hen make him come down?" asked the April chicken, who was just too fresh for anything. "Son," said the Spanish cock, solemnly, "I cannot tell a lie; she does it with her little hatch it."

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ASYLUMS AND THE INSANE.

WHEN one considers that a considerable proportion of the population of the country—about one in every three hundred and fifty—are insane, it is almost incredible that such an amount of ignorance should exist even among the educated classes on the subject of asylums and the insane. One notion, by no means uncommon, is, that an asylum is a sort of menagerie in which are confined demons in human form—men and women who are chained up who make day as well as night hideous with continual noise, whose minds are complete wrecks, in which nothing but the lowest animal attributes predominate—people who with distorted faces, dishevelled locks, and fantastic garb, never cease to gibber forth incoherent ravings and blasphemy. This may have been partly true once, but is not now.

We owe the great advance in the understanding and consequent treatment of insanity to two great French physicians, Esquirol and Pinel. During the time of the French Revolution, when Robespierre and his colleagues were in power, Esquirol was much struck by the condition of the Bicetre, a large prison-like building in which all the mad folk were incarcerated, chained up in cells like so many wild beasts; sleeping, when that luxury was possible, on stone floors, sprinkled with filthy straw; and whose food was thrown to them as to dogs, by a surly jailer, only too ready to use the stout whip with which we always find him armed in old pictures. He applied to the government for power to introduce reforms into these dens of cruelty and darkness. By them he was given power to do as he liked, and, unloosing their chains, gave them liberty, food, and light; and found, as he expected, that not only did they refrain from at once tearing themselves to pieces, as their keepers protested they would, but that a gradual and manifest improvement took place in their mental state.

Thus began a new era for those visited with the greatest of all human afflictions, but it may not be generally known that towards the end of the last century the public were admitted to a well-known London asylum to view the lunatics at the modest charge of a penny a head. From this the asylum derived an income of upwards of £2,000 a year, until the practice was put a stop to.

The best idea of the patients and their surroundings is to be formed by accompanying the superintending physician in his morning visit, as he sets out armed with book and stethoscope, bent on seeing all those under his care, questioning some, encouraging others, and having a kindly word for everyone. The first ward entered is the receiving ward, where recently admitted patients are quartered, their peculiarities and propensities studied, their bodily and mental state carefully inquired into, and the lines of treatment considered. Visitors will be at once struck by the brightness and cheerfulness of the ward itself. Structurally, it consists of a gallery or promenade, at one end of which is the "day-room," in which the patients can sit and sew, and where they can mess if necessary. The walls of both gallery and day-room are hung with pictures, statuettes, and other forms of decoration. Creepers and flowers adorn the window-sills and tables in profusion. A piano also is there, which bears evidence of having been well-used; and an aquarium, the latter affording a never-ending fund of amusement.

The next ward is the infirmary, to which all cases of severe bodily and mental illness occurring in the house are sent, and it need only be said that the same order and cleanliness here prevail; added to which, are all the usual hospital appliances for the nursing and management of the sick. Here, naturally, the cases are of a very hopeless and unfavorable character; yet careful attention to their comforts is everywhere apparent—water-pillows, modern wire mattresses, comfortable seats, and all the relief that medicine and sick-diet can afford. What a different picture this, from the chains, whips, and stone floors of a century ago!

Next, the visitor is shown what might be termed the ward for the worst cases. Here the number of the nurses is greater, as many of the patients are violent and dangerous, chiefly as a result of the brain disease termed epilepsy, in which the patient is subject to fits, before or after which, he will become extremely violent, and assault or attack those nearest to him, under the transient delusion that they are going to kill or injure him.

But there is a brighter aspect of asylum life—namely, the amusements and recreations. These in summer take the form of lengthened walks into the surrounding grounds, picnics, and so forth. Then in the winter months, the long evenings are beguiled by the weekly entertainment, consisting of instructive and amusing readings, music, songs, dances, and occasional dramatic performances; to which all contribute, more or less—doctors, patients, and nurses. Every season confirms the value of these entertainments as a beneficial and sustaining agency in mental distress, directly by the healthful stimulus they impart, and indirectly by breaking up the somewhat monotonous existence of those who are too feeble for active employment.

Mothers Don't Know

How many children are punished for being uncouth, willful, and indifferent to instructions, or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks the children would be all a parent could desire."

Grains of Gold.

He that gives little, gives heartily.

Adversity is the balance to weigh friends.

The dog that is idle is never tired of running.

Bear, and blame not what you cannot change.

A hot discussion frequently makes a cool friendship.

No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.

Converse not upon subjects which lead to impure ideas.

He that speaks truth must have one leg in the stirrup.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic in private life.

Consent to common custom, but not to common folly.

Consecrate to God the first fruits of your daily thoughts.

A knowledge of mankind is necessary to acquire prudence.

Memory records services with a pencil, injuries with a graver.

If time is not favorable to you, render yourself favorable to it.

There are flaws in diamonds, flies in amber, and faults in every man.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to that it teaches.

Listen to conscience more than to intellect, and learn to concentrate thought.

Truth only smells sweet forever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker-worm.

The earth cannot be entirely covered with violets and mignonette; there must be weeds and vegetables.

When in conversation a man abruptly says, "Beg pardon!" he means that he wishes to do all the talking himself.

Ah! if people live without an object, they stand, as it were, on the outside of active life, which gives strength to that inward occupation.

In pure affection, in friendship, and in the exercise of kindness, there is large and free breathing space; the air of eternity plays through it.

An unkind speech, an idle word, a lie, a profane oath, a slander, an unclean jest, a misrepresentation have never dropped from human lips without sin.

If the Christian religion were not fully in sympathy with every phase of the world's growing necessity, it would itself ere this have been outgrown.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy of the name of friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

We are always doing each other injustice and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses with gold, as Nero did, so it is to spend time that should be devoted to business or study, in trifles.

We should not preach so much to people; we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to see, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, put them on the way to happiness, then they would unquestionably become good.

In intellectual development—and the very highest may be arrived at in private life—the whole world opens itself to the eye of man, and infinite treasures are offered to his soul—more, far more, than he can ever appropriate to himself.

Love never tires; and the more we love the more we have of solid satisfaction. Every new soul we come in contact with, and learn to esteem, fills us with new life. Those who love others are themselves full of sunshine.

He who makes a heedless declaration against a neighbor's integrity or honor is guilty of an injustice which he can never repair. He is answerable for the guilt of the thief who breaks into his grandfather's tomb and carries away his coffin.

To ponder too profoundly on the nature of things—to question too curiously the value of things—to weigh too nicely the results of things—is the wisdom of devilhood. If you take from men their false enthusiasms, and their self-deceptions, you purify and elevate their minds.

Lust seizes us in youth, ambition in middle life, avarice in old age; but vanity and pride are the besetting sins that drive the angels from our cradle, pamper us with luscious and most unwholesome food, ride our first stick with us, mount our first horse with us, wake with us in the morning, drown with us in the night, and never at any time abandon us.

If we only understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountain of our happiness; if we had only understood this from the days of our childhood upwards, acted upon it, and practised upon it, our lives would then seldom lead through dry wilderness! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the activity of life.

A Life Saved.

In a letter from a lady at Council Grove, Kansas, she writes: "I have used your oxygen at times for nearly three years for lung trouble. Am nearly well now, and feel I owe my life to it. As the disease is hereditary and has been for generations in our family, and I am the first one who has recovered after being attacked, I feel grateful for my restoration to health in spite of cure and to recommend it to all afflicted. Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing hosts of similar testimonials of cures, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila., Pa."

Femininities.

A woman whom we truly love is a religion.

Leap-year motto—Look before you leap into matrimony.

Ask a woman how old she is if you want to see her show her rage.

Eight bridesmaids in bright red satin was a somewhat startling innovation at a recent English wedding.

Bracelets made of old silver medals, linked together with silver beads, are the fancy of the moment.

The Princess Louise is as independent as a widow, and pursues in general society more than any of Queen Victoria's daughters.

This country consumes 14,880 barrels of kerosene every day. The proportion of servant girls to the barrel has not been determined.

There is a Young Ladies' Cornet band in a Massachusetts town, and it has asked to be permitted to compete at a band tournament to be held shortly in Canada.

A wit, speaking of a belle of former days, said: "Poor thing! As she was chatting with me the other day she brought my youth back to me; but, alas! she couldn't bring back her own."

New York is enforcing a law against young men sending their wives back to their parents to be supported. Something new turns up every day to brush the roseate hue and gaudy glitter from the face of matrimony.

"Joe, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the pleasantry profession, "do brighten up a little; you look so slovenly. Oh, what an awful recollection it would be for me if you were to get drowned looking so!"

In the eyes of some people a "low-bred" woman is one who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct. We wish that there were a few more of them about.

"Ah, my darling wife," said George, the week after his marriage, "if your husband were to die what would you do?" "I don't know, I'm sure, George," said the wife, reflectively; "I never thought of that. I must look in my 'Book of Etiquette,' and read the rules for young widows."

"Why, old fellow, I thought you were dead long ago," he exclaimed, grasping his friend's hand, and shaking it with an enthusiasm that almost brought tears to his eyes. "No, not dead," he responded calmly. "I expected so to be, but a divorce court interfered in time to save me."

We've always wanted to know how it is when a woman comes out in a new suit. Does she have to stand treat, or set up the cigars, to deliberate it, as a man does when he appears in a four-button cutaway and new trousers? Or does she thoroughly satisfy her friends by making them envious?

"If two from one you take, how many will remain, Alice?" said a young man to his girl. "Why, you can't take two from one, Charley." "O yes I can, Alice," and he kissed her twice. "Now," said he, "I've taken two from one, and hundreds remain." "And they will remain there," replied Alice.

Latest fashion news: "Beautiful effects," says a fashion journal, "are produced by the combinations of color in the mantle-cloths, lambrequins, piano-covers, and other articles of plush drapery shown by leading dealers." Beautiful effects in pocket-books are also produced by not buying any of those things.

A pair of Cincinnati lovers quarreled, and the man drew a pistol, saying that he meant to shoot the girl. She quietly told him that he could kiss or kill her—and she cared very little which. He attempted to do both first kissing her and then, while her arms were still about his neck, sending a bullet into her head.

At an English wedding the other day daisies appeared in all the decorations. The bride's white duchess satin was embroidered with them, and her veil was fastened with pearl daisies, and her bridesmaids wore gowns of white nuns' cloth and satin embroidered with daisies, and daisy bonnets and brooches, and carried bouquets of natural daisies presented by the bridegroom.

Apropos of a recent great fire at Paris, a correspondent offers the following advice: "In disasters of this kind one should proceed with the strictest order and method. Accordingly, one will first of all save his children, who are the future; the women, who are the present; the old men, who are experience; then the furniture; and, if there is time, the collateral relations and the mothers-in-law."

Whether in Nature or in art, the presence of the beautiful softens and purifies. But let no young lady fall into the blunder of supposing that only that which is expensive can ever be beautiful. It is labor, care, skill, an artistic eye, and a refined taste that beautify. Whether in home or in dress, in speech or in manners, money is not the main thing which provides the beautiful. The dowdy apparel of many a slattern has cost more money by far than the neat and beautiful garb of their indigent, but orderly neighbor.

A woman in a Missouri town who had suffered from a husband's neglect, trudged him to a bar-room, where he was playing cards with several companions. Setting a covered dish she held in her hands down upon the table, she said: "I reasoning, husband, that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed. With a forced laugh, he invited his friends to dine with him, but, on removing the cover from the dish, found only a slip of paper, on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal; it is the same your family have at home."

Give the girls a fair chance, an equal start, a "fair field and no favor" in the counting-room, in the sanctum, in the workshop, in the studio, the factory, on the farm, behind the counter, on the rostrum, anywhere, everywhere. Then if the girl can and does beat me, why, God bless the girl, let her go! And I will throw my hat up and hurrah while she sweeps under the wire on her way to the goal. My dear boys, if I wasn't sure of a good wife in this world I wouldn't want to live in it longer than seven minutes. Some day you will know that about all that is good, noble and pure in your life you owe to your sister—or some other fellow's sister.

News Notes.

Excellent puddings are made of figs.

Hats were first made by a Swiss, in Paris, in 1404.

The Red River is covered with ants an inch thick.

The ordinary product, in raising pickles, is 100,000 per acre.

A 32 pound baby was born at Washington the other day.

Colored men are still excluded from juries in Kansas City, Mo.

California is importing Portuguese from the Azores, as laborers.

The population of Canada is 4,350,933, or about that of Pennsylvania.

If physical health is to be retained it must become a matter of education.

A Kentucky town was astonished by a shower of sulphur the other day.

Queen Victoria will bestow the vacant order of the garter on King Alfonso.

Even the drug stores of Oberlin, O., are now prohibited from selling alcohol.

The city of Vienna is said to have 141,190 separate families, and only 12,229 houses.

Statistics show that 7,000,000 persons in the United States are employed in agriculture.

There is no finer physical exercise for children than the properly taught art of singing.

Jay Gould has established his son George in a broking and banking business, with a capital of $500,000.

An intoxicating spring, whose waters taste like apple brandy, has been discovered in Arkansas.

There are now eighteen societies of Shakers in the United States, nine of which are in New England.

Sweet cream is a substitute for cod liver oil, for consumptives, and decidedly more pleasant to the taste.

Mr. Key, the shoe-sewing patentee, has already had $10,000,000 from his patents, and gets $1,000,000 a year.

Within 21 years Turkey has contracted a debt of $600,000,000, the unpaid interest of which runs it up to $1,200,000,000.

It is said that in a recent canvass of eighty towns in Connecticut 50,000 people were found who never attend church.

John Bright estimates that the loss to Great Britain in consequence of bad harvests the last year has been $1,000,000,000.

A new favor for the German is a tiny Saratoga trunk made of Russia leather, gold bound, and lined with padded silk.

A novel and fashionable amusement among Brooklyn ladies is called a "tea party" whether tea is drunk or not.

A pretty Parisian actress sues a railway company for $10,000 damage to her nose, by a train being thrown from the track.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple, of Fulton, Ill., were killed by lightning last week, but their babe lying between them was unhurt.

A citizen of Memphis has invented a machine gun that opens like a fan, and sweeps the circle, throwing 3,000 shots per minute.

John B. Raymond, of Fargo, Dakota, says that he has harvested this season $50,000 worth of wheat from a farm that only cost him $30,000 a year ago.

The greatest length of the United States, from east to west, is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth, from north to south, 1,600 miles; average breadth 1,200 miles.

The stage-settings of Hooley's Theatre, in Chicago, are so arranged on Sundays as to represent a pulpit, and the congregation that gathers is very large.

This advertisement appeared in a Vienna paper: "Wanted—A professor to come twice a week to the house of a noble family, in order to reform the pronunciation of a parrot."

Boston Corbett, formerly of the 18th Michigan volunteers, (the man who shot J. Wilkes Booth) has applied for a pension for general disability, due to exposure in the army.

There is complaint in Arkansas of a plague in squirrels. They swarm in immense numbers, and, in default of corn and nuts, open cotton bolls for the seeds, thus wasting great quantities of cotton.

Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveler, is worshiped as a deity in some parts of China. A statue of him of life size, in gilded wood, has been found, and recently forwarded to Venice.

The State inspector of milk of New Jersey the other day closed down upon dealers in milk from unvaccinated cows. Eight milkmen were fined $50 each for owning it. They were bound to New York city.

A white man now living in Elbert county, S. C., was blacked up once by a companion in slavery times, and sold as a slave in Charleston for gain. The next day he washed off the color, escaped, and resold half of the purchase-money.

A San Francisco judge decides that borrowing money to "make good" in a game of poker is an outside transaction, and that a party who "puts up" his watch or other estate as security for what he thus borrows, cannot plead the gambling act, in order to recover his property without paying the money borrowed.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1879.

Dr. J. H. McLean, Dear Sir: I suffered for a number of years with a general debility to be a source of considerable annoyance to myself and friends, and was almost induced to believe I was afflicted with consumption. I used Hop Bitters and was entirely cured. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf.

THOS. G. KNOX.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair [illegible] QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or [illegible] other chronic, or constitutional disorder of the System is in the BLOOD [illegible] or in parts [illegible] of the system, the process of repair must be [illegible].

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthful current of new life. The skin, after a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Face, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Coarse Mineral Mixtures, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian [illegible] continued a sufficient time to make its influence felt on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require those of six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious [illegible], Inflammation of the Bowels, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, [illegible] Bites, or any [illegible] Operation of [illegible] the most excruciating in a few minutes.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfect Purgative, [illegible] with perfect [illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS, [illegible] of [illegible] Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous [illegible] Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to contain no mercury, mineral or deleterious drug.

[illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We request that the reader will carefully peruse Books on the subject of Diseases and their cure, as we wish to be understood.

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to [illegible] classes of Diseases, SOLD BY Druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S [illegible] than the fact that [illegible] counterfeited and imitated, as [illegible] are. Be sure and see that the name [illegible] is on what you buy.

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS,

Boned with a New Material,

[illegible] which is [illegible] to be [illegible] or breaking.

A REWARD OF $10

[illegible] will be paid for every [illegible] that [illegible] by cold, heat or [illegible] in the [illegible] for Health [illegible] or Elasticity [illegible] Bones [illegible] warranted.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist **on its being used exactly by the directions, and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.**

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never failed when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

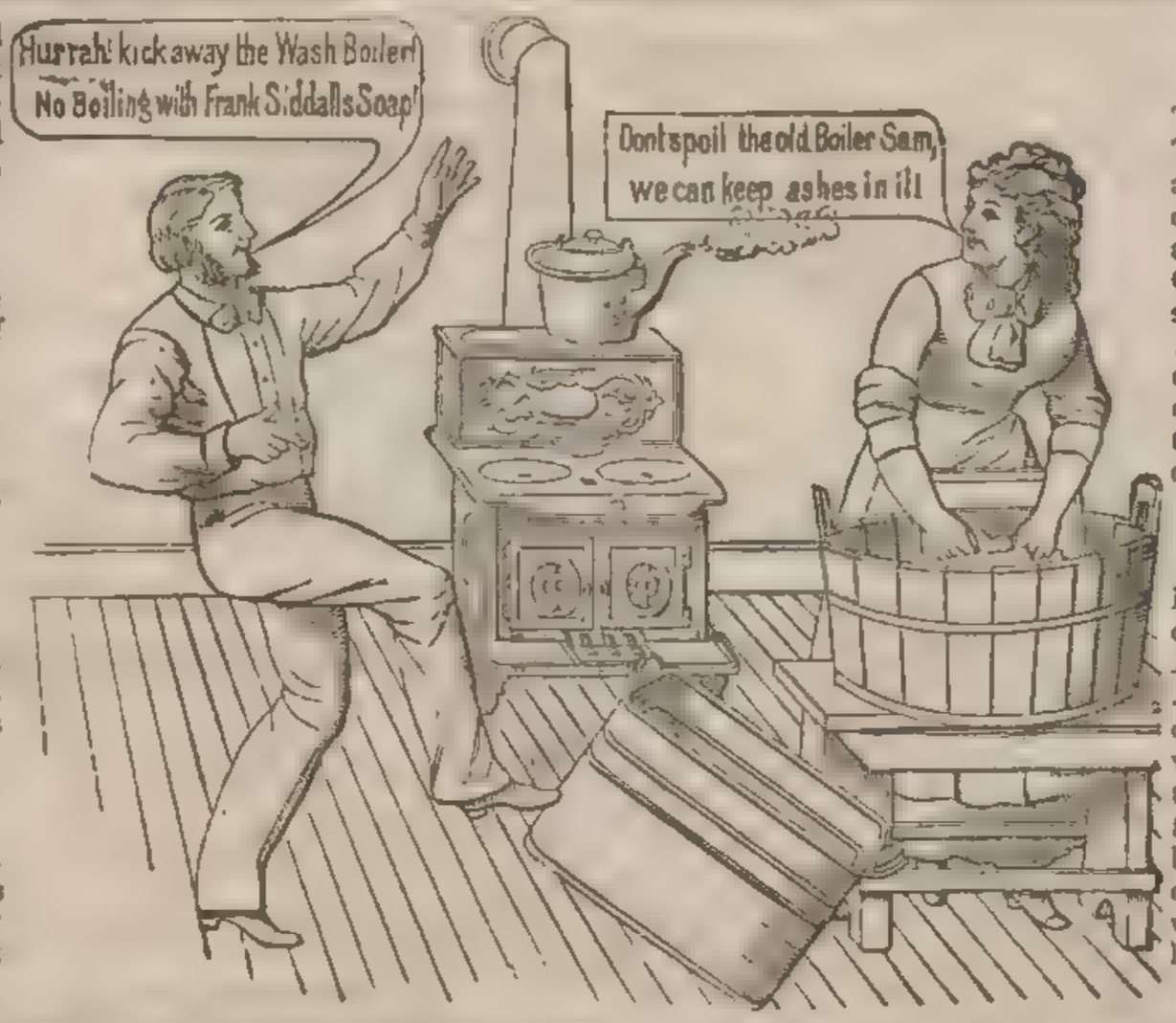
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would few thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:— {Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash water in the tea-kettle: the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—**After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash board,** and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been set by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal, it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft, try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleansing Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall.

Dear Sir: After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON

A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 29, 1881.

Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old washday is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE,
McGaheysville, Buckingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

Must prove a great boon to the human family.

North Haverhill, N. H., June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

E. EASTMAN.

Washes in the hard water of Kansas.

Sir: I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottumwa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 11, 1881.

Used both in soft and hard water.

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.

Dear Sir: The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALEENER.

A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the authority of a postmistress for saying so.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 25, 1881.

A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir: There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 5, 1881.

Makes flannels as soft as new

Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equalling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES E. BEACH.

A success for washing colored clothes.

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

AFFIDAVIT.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that the FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores and ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces, and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles, &c., &c., sores and scratches, mange, and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be soiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing functions.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS Magistrate of Court No. 12.

A boon to womankind.

157 Whiton Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equals; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWEN.

The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. E. CARMEY.

As soon think of doing without bread and butter.

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Box 200, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

Will wash badly stained articles.

May 2, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Paraclifa, Savier Co., Arkansas.

It is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 16, 1881.

Sir: I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 24, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it: and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Bloosburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 25, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

Its softening effects on the skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON.

Charmed with its wonderful work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 7, 1881.

Dear Sir: We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The dirt all came out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir: We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.

Muldoon, Mississippi, June 23, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day; no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS,
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 22, 1881.

A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 16, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1585, Denver, Col., July 3, 1881.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 22, 1881.

Dear Sir: To-day my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water the old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot suds, and the clothes dry out clear and white, and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.

For Sale by a number of Wholesale Grocers in Pittsburgh;—S. Ewart & Co.; Curry & Metzgar; Johnson, Eagye & Earl; John Porterfield & Co., and others.

New Publications.

"Geraldine, a Souvenir of the St. Lawrence," is a story in rhyme by an anonymous author. Such are comparative rarities, although offering all, and even more than the usual advantages of prose. Its story is a good one, in which love, passion and retribution are strangely blended. So far as the mere thread of the tale goes, it is interesting from the narrative alone, but in description the poetic form of the diction rises to unaccustomed heights of beauty. "Geraldine" will find many readers for the story alone, and doubtless as many more from the novelty of the form in which it comes. Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The latest issue of the entertaining "Round Robin Series," published by Osgood & Co., is "Damen's Ghost." Like all its predecessors it is worthy of special commendation. It is full of character, and every page shows the master hand. The plot opens in the first chapter and grows in interest until the last. The figures moving through its mazes are comparatively few, but all bear the startling individuality characteristic of Mrs. Burnett. In liveliness and pointedness of dialogue, "Damen's Ghost" has no superior in the series. Price $1.00. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Fragoletta" is the name of a novel by "Rita," the authoress of "Daphne" and other interesting stories. It is a more than ordinarily attractive portrayal of English home-life, both in dialogue and character. The plot, without being over-romantic, is sufficiently complicated to enlist all attention. In all respects, the work is calculated to give particular satisfaction to the reader even in this day of generally good novels. Paper backs; price 60 cents. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Philadelphia Mining Directory," is the title of a book to be issued in October that will be of great value to the capitalist and investor, and a book of such character and style as will be reflective of credit to the mining interests of Philadelphia. As it is made with judgment and from the most authentic data it will be of the utmost value to all interested in mining stocks. G. W. Wallace, Editor, 123 south Third street. Price 25 cents.

"A Prince of Breffny" is the title of Mr. Thomas P. May's new novel, which is in press and shortly to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. The hero of this charming book was a famous Irish soldier of fortune and the first Spanish Governor of Louisiana.

MAGAZINES.

The October number of *Scribner's Monthly* completes the twenty-second volume of that very popular publication and closes its career under the title that has become so famous. The new name, *The Century*, is printed in red letters across the cover, and next month will supplant the old name altogether. Mr. Schuyler's interesting history of Peter the Great is finished in this number, as is also "Queen Titania," so that *The Century* may make a fresh start. The leading article in the number is one upon "Old Yorktown," by Thomas N. Page. The other illustrated articles are not out of the ordinary run of magazine work, though entertaining enough. More noteworthy are some bits of criticism, on "Poetry in America;" by Mr. Stoddard on "The Sonnet in English Poetry," and by Junius Henri Browne on Ernesto Rossi, the famous Italian actor. The contents of the number are well-varied and many of the engravings very nice, so that *Scribner* makes its exit altogether in good form.

Lippincott's Magazine for October opens with a paper on "Grand Traverse Bay," by Maurice Thompson, with fine illustrations. A well-written account of Cordova, with its relics of Moorish grandeur, by S. P. Scott, and a most entertaining paper on the "Sacred Baboons" of India, forming the seventh chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Zoological Curiosities," are also carefully illustrated. "My Journey with a King," by Louise Coffin Jones is a delightful account of a voyage among the Sandwich Islands. "A Day in the North Woods," by Ward Batchelor, and "Young America in Old England," by J. Magruder, are lively and well-constructed sketches. There are several short stories in the number, besides a long instalment of Sherwood Bonner's new serial, "The Valcours." The poems and editorial departments are up to the usual high standard of the *Magazine*.

The contents of the *North American Review* for October cannot fail to arrest the attention of all readers. Everyone of the topics discussed is of the highest present interest, and nearly all of the authors are eminent American statesmen, publicists, and litterateurs. Among the articles are "Some Dangerous Questions." Among these questions, that of the succession to the Presidency, in case of the inability of the elected incumbent, holds a conspicuous place. "The Elements of Puritanism," pointing out wherein Puritanism was transient in its influence, and wherein permanent. "The State and the Nation," "The Idea of the Union," "Why Cornwallis was at Yorktown," and other first-class articles.

Arthur's Home Magazine for October has its usual choice list of contents. There are stories, poetry, miscellany, the various departments, all of interest and value. T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

DRUGGISTS say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female weakness that they ever heard of, for it gives universal satisfaction. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

CHANGE OF BASE.

"O, no, she replied, with a smile so entrancing,
When he ventured to ask if the seat were engaged,
That the hurry and worry of business commotion
Were, for the time being, entirely assuaged.

O, that chin, with its dimple and wonderful curving,
And marvelous fairness,—he'd ne'er seen its match;
And 'twas greatly enhanced by a bit of court-plaster,
His innocence thought was concealing a scratch.

At first, as was natural, they talked of the weather,
How hot and how sultry the day that had passed;
Then spoke of the last showy wedding of fashion,
How enormous a fortune the groom had amassed.

The next thing in order, of course, was the tunnel,
With the darkness of Egypt—whatever that is—
And the little black patch, when they merged into daylight,
Had changed its position from her face to his.

—BURDETTE.

Humorous.

A new definition of "foot notes"—Dancing tunes.

What is the flower for a doctor's buttonhole? Croak us.

The largest room in the world—The "room for improvement.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is stuff, and often crossed.

What kind of a plant does a "duck of a man" resemble? Mandrake.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When it strikes you agreeably.

Domestic Magazines—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

"A-las I am no more!" as Miss Moore remarked, after becoming Mrs. Jones.

Why is a smile invariably behind the time? Because it's a little laughter.

When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth? When it is a-king.

Why is a blind negro guided by a dog like a drawing-pencil? Why, because he is a black lead.

A man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

Life is said to be a lottery, and if that is so, it is a very serious question whether some of us, when we drew our brains, didn't draw blanks.

An Ohio man has willed his family pictures to a blind asylum. The patients were supposed to be the only persons who could really appreciate the collection.

Bob Ingersoll started a little the other day when his eyes fell on the newspaper heading, "Large Fires," but he looked calmer after he had read that it was only one of the results of the protracted drought.

What if a man does owe you a dollar, and you see him cross to the other side of the street, a block ahead of you? You can't blame him for getting on the shady side of the street. He wants to live to pay you.

A Ohio boy has run away with a party of Indians. If he has received the proper Ohio training he will be chief of the tribe before six months, and have all the valuable property of the red men just where he wants it.

A letter addressed to a man in Arkansas, and marked on the envelope, "Please forward," was sent to the Dead Letter Office with this notation: "Can't forward, the durn kuss is Ded and down Transe all abandoned."

A dispatch from Washington states that one of the clerks in the sixth auditor's office "is seriously ill from overwork." This is the first appearance of this dreadful malady at the national capital. Let us hope for the best.

From the maxims of a French writer: If you should ever find yourself reduced to the terrible alternative of having to blow out your brains, or to live in the same house with your mother-in-law, do not hesitate for an instant, but blow out hers."

People who live remote from the seashore can make a good artificial clam by rolling a piece of soap in sand and ashes, and eating it when it is about half cook. This is rather better than the real clam, but it will give the inlanders an approximate idea of the luxury.

There is a young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words: "Thy beauty sets my soul aglow—'d wed thee right or wrong: a man wants but little here below, but wants that little long."

Little Johnny was visiting at a neighbor's house. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted; but not with any degree of enthusiasm. "What do you say, Johnny?" asked the lady, expecting him to say "Thank you!" "I say it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

"I think," said an exasperated old deacon, as he slowly elevated himself from the pavement to a perpendicular, "that a full-grown man who throws an orange-peel on the sidewalk is no Christian." "Well," said a bystander, "what do you think of an orange-peel that throws a full-grown man on the sidewalk?"

"I'm not very proud of your progress in school," remarked a mother to her son, who was struggling along in grade five. "There's Charley Shay is always ahead of you, and he isn't near as old." "I know it," he sobbed. "Teacher said he learned all there was to learn in my room, and that left me without anything to learn." Guess that youngster will keep.

Fitting emblems are not always appreciated. The neighbors of a poor fellow who died erected a tombstone to his memory, and had placed above it the conventional white dove. The widow looked at it through her tears, and said: "It was very thoughtful to put it there. John was very fond of gaming, and it was an especially suitable emblem."

A little boy, when picking the drumstick of a chicken, swallowed one of the tendons which are so numerous in the legs of a fowl, and was very nearly choked. The tendon was, however, extracted with great difficulty from the little fellow's throat, when he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it wasn't the chickabiddy's fault; it was because cook forgot to take off its garters!"

A physician's wife, who was bored with visitors, remarked to her husband at the table, where a number of their self-invited guests were seated, "My dear, I was afraid the children would get hold of that leg you brought home from the dissecting-room last night, so I took it down-stairs with me, and that's it wrapped up in a towel on the sideboard there." She dines pretty often without company now.

The first drink makes a man feel anxious for the second; the second brings a smile to his face; the third has a voluble effect; the fourth, he is still more sociable; the fifth produces dignity; the sixth brings a stern expression of countenance that means "Beware!" the seventh, he becomes pugilistic; the eighth, he fights and gets thrashed; and all subsequent drinks have no effect but to delay the hour of sobriety.

"The Doctor Told Me

to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever." Torpid kidneys and liver is the trouble, for which Kidney-Wort always proves to be the best remedy known.—Hartford Courant.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

To make the skin soft and beautiful, and remove tan, use Pearl's White Glycerine. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Diminished Vigor

is reimbursed, in a great measure, to those troubled with weak kidneys, by a judicious use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulates without exciting the urinary organs. In conjunction with its influence upon them, it corrects acidity, improves appetite, and is in every way conducive to health and nerve repose. Another marked quality is its control over fever and ague, and its power of preventing it.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE WILSON PATENT
ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,
With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Address,
WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO., 861 Broadway, N. Y.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

Edith M. Hall.

"Name-Stamp complete sent by mail for sixty" cents in postage-stamps. Patent "RIBBON MACHINE" and Rubber Stamps, etc., etc."
3 GOLDSBOROUGH, 720 Chestnut St., Phila.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Album, &c. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

NEURALGIA,

Nervous Irritability, Sciatica and all painful Nervous Diseases.—A treatise by a well-known physician, a specialist on these subjects, concludes as follows: "Neuralgia is one of the most painful of diseases, and is attended with more or less nervous irritation. Sciatica is also a form of Neuralgia, and all painful nervous diseases come under that name. Neuralgia means nerve ache, and therefore you can suffer with neuralgia in any part of the body, as the nerves are supplied to every part.

"I have for many years closely studied the cause of neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with the many diseases it is subject to, and have found by actual experience that the true and primary cause of neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes impoverished and poor, and in some cases starved, not because the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten is not appropriated to the nervous system; there are many causes for this, but Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have in my hands proved a perfect remedy for this condition and these diseases."

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S
SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.
All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY — ANTI-DYSPEPTIC NERVINE CURE

Ladies, Lightning Self-Acting Stove Polish, an entirely new article that BEATS THE WORLD; no dust, no dirt, no tiresome rubbing. Sample box sent post paid for 10 cents. To introduce this valuable article, we shall pack with every twelfth sample box ordered one set of six elegant coin-silver-plated teaspoons of the quality sold at retail for $1.75 per set, thus giving every one a chance to get up a club for twelve boxes among their neighbors, and send us $1.20 and obtain these elegant spoons free for their trouble; or, if you get up a club of six, and send us 60 cents, we will send an elegant coin-silver-plated butter knife of a quality that retails at stores for $1. Agents wanted, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Address all communications to HAYNES & CO., Manufacturers, City Mills, Norfolk Co., Mass.
N. B.—You are perfectly safe in sending money to us, as we refer you relative to our integrity to the Postmaster, or any business man in this place.

WHITE GLYCERINE Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.
PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 3 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

Catarrh
Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, Ohio has the only known means of Permanent Cure for this loathsome disease. A full Statement of his method sent free. CURE yourself at HOME. No charge for consultation by mail. Address
REV. T. P. CHILDS TROY, OHIO

Owing to the Failure of the Music House of Auerbach & Co., Germany, We pay Ordered Duty once took
Paganini Violins.
Celebrated for fine tone, finish. Italian strings, fine pegs, inlaid pearl tail-piece, fine long bow, with ivory and silvered frog, in violin box. Book of instruction, with 558 pieces music, by express for $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. A better one $5 cannot be purchased elsewhere for $10.
O. H. W. BATES & CO., Importers, Boston, Mass.

Card Collectors.
50 Large Advertising Cards, no two alike, complete in sets, 25c. postpaid. 100 Elegant All-Gold and Silver $1.00 postpaid. All different.
ÆTNA CARD CO., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 206 George St. Cincinnati, O.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

AUTOMATIC ORGANS ONLY $5.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

Facetiæ.

Do sailors lash the masts with a whip?

An unpaid-for yacht is now politely called a floating debt.

David Croquet was not the inventor of the little game that bears his name.

The man on the "home stretch" can be found on the sofa in the dining-room.

How can clergymen consistently preach pure love when they invariably marry for money?

We are going to Arkansas to start a paper, calling it "Quinine and Whisky." Everybody will take it.

In Texas when a man wishes to cut an acquaintance, his procedure is simple. He uses a bowie-knife.

We are told that the ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. The ancient Egyptians knew when a cat was most to be honored.

"There are two boating associations here," wrote a Japanese student home, "called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members read books."

Americans say, "As black as the devil," the French say as blue, the Spaniards say as green, the Italians say as grey, and the Chinese say as white.

An Arkansas man rode three hundred miles to shoot the chap who cheated his father in a horse-trade. Filial affection can never die in this country.

A Michigan tramp says he had rather take a hand in forty battles like Gettysburg than to have a farmer's dog on one side of him and a barbed-wire fence on the other.

Idaho doesn't attract immigration much. Trees are so scarce there that it is sometimes necessary to go forty miles to find a place to lynch a man. It's very inconvenient.

It is a remarkable fact which we cannot explain, that the boy who does not know that the gun is loaded is nevertheless always to be found at the safe end of the gun.

An exchange says that many people have a fondness for things they cannot understand, for things mysterious and insolvable. Yes, these are the people who like hash.

Ordinarily we know from what country a man comes by the language he uses; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

There is nothing like a bicycle to put flesh on a man. A Camden man has had one only a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it.

A boy defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on." He was twin brother of the boy who said that pins had saved many lives by not being swallowed.

An exchange speaks of a "rich heiress." When a young man makes up his mind to marry an heiress, we advise him to select a rich one. A poor heiress is a delusion and a snare, and a hollow mockery.

An unsuccessful vocalist went to the poor-house, and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he had been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

No one has yet proposed to erect a monument to the man who invented the waste-basket. He was a benefactor to his race, and his memory deserves recognition. But for him the world would long ago have been swamped with cheap poetry.

Six Nevada widows, each worth over $300,000, have formed a compact, and solemnly agreed to take no men but editors for second husbands. Gentlemen, even in the darkest hour we have stuck to it that things would work out all right in the end.

A young man in Manayunk who has been in the habit of carrying his smoking-tobacco and cartridges loose in one pocket, has reformed, and in time to save the largest part of what was once as handsome a nose as could be found in Manayunk.

She was dashing and flirty, and when she said her father was a broker, and was connected with one of the leading railroads in the country, all the men at the watering-place were after her. They didn't discover until the end of the season that her paternal relative broke the trains.

The clergyman who tied the knot made a serious sort of speech when the cake was cut. One of the little bridesmaids, aged seven years, was asked by a younger sister to give an account of the ceremony. "Oh," said she, "we had the prayers in church, and the sermon at breakfast."

Cast-Iron Fellows.

Men of endurance have healthy kidneys and liver. No aches in the back, no piles or constipation. The cure for these diseases is Kidney-Wort. This great remedy keeps up the tone of the whole body by enabling the liver, bowels, and kidneys to perform their functions perfectly. Both the liquid and dry are sold by druggists.—Pioneer Press.

John Wanamaker's STORE.

For the Distribution, at uniformly low prices, of Reliable Dry Goods, Ready Made Suits for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children; Hats, Boots and Shoes, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every kind.

Goods sent all over the U. S. by mail, and samples sent when requested.

GRAND DEPOT 13th St., Phila.

50 Lovely Floral, motto, hand and bouquet Chromo Cards, beautiful colors, name 10c. Clinton Bay, New Haven, Ct.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. "GO

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILLOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Complaints.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'r's, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

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JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 10 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps six feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 30 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 30 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners Guide 25 cts. Morsels of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or Old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

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The MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. Woolrich & Co. on every label.

30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

WE GIVE THEM AWAY

DIAMONDS

SUPERSEDED BY THE WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS.

A PRINCELY GIFT!
A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS IN WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were intermixed with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

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The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and cutting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A RING, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the STUD and EARRINGS, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. SO MUCH FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT THEM CHEAPLY UNDERSTOOD.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically that will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offers deserve more attention than the many tempting promises of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for The Post.

For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

THESE PREMIUMS ARE ALL SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of three-cent stamp. Address,

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SPECIAL & EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

WATCHES, REVOLVERS, RINGS, ETC., GIVEN AWAY!!

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LIST OF PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY—READ EVERY WORD!!!

PREMIUM NO. 1.—Upon receipt of $1.00, we will send the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL one year, and Eight Beautiful Chromos and Eight Beautiful Crayon Drawings, well worth $2.00.

PREMIUM NO. 2.—Upon receipt of $1.00 and 15 cents to pay postage and packing, we will send the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL one year, and an Elegant Set of Silver-Plated Tea Spoons, plated with pure silver on a coating of hard white nickel and guaranteed to wear. NO RETAIL DEALER CAN SELL THESE SPOONS FOR LESS THAN $1.50.

PREMIUM NO. 3.—Upon receipt of $1.00 and 24 cents in postage stamps, to pay postage and packing, we will send the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL one year, and either the Imitation Diamond Earrings, Gents' Diamond Stud, Diamond, or Amethyst Ring, as shown in cuts. These goods are without doubt the FINEST IMITATIONS IN THE WORLD, and it takes an expert to tell them from the genuine diamond. (They are rolled-gold plate settings and will wear for years.

PREMIUM NO. 4.—Upon receipt of $1.00 and 27 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing, we will send the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL one year, and an Elegant Shell-pearl Necklace, two inches wide, and a pair of Shell-pearl Bracelets. Some idea of the beauty of these goods may be conceived when we state that they contain OVER 300 OF THESE SHELL PEARLS. They are our own importation from Europe, and are worn by the most fashionable people. They retail at from $2.00 to $3.00 per set.

PREMIUM NO. 5.—Upon receipt of $1.00 and 21 cents to pay postage and packing, we will send the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL one year and our Seven Shot Full-nickel Silver-Plated Revolver, a beauty and well worth $2.50.

PREMIUM NO. 6.—Upon receipt of $3.50 and 24 cents to pay postage and packing, we will send the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL one year, and an Elegant Stem-winding Nickel Watch, either for a Lady or Gent. This watch is made to our especial order in Europe, and will RETAIL AT $5.00 TO $10, each. It can only be had of us and is a bargain.

GET UP A CLUB. It will take you but a short time to get up a Club, and we make the following offer: For a Club of five we will send you the Journal one year and any of the $1.00 premiums. For a Club of ten we will send you the Journal one year and our Watch premium No. 6. Remember every subscriber in the Club will pay you the amount specified in this advertisement, and will be ENTITLED TO THE PREMIUMS THE SAME AS THOUGH THEY SENT THE MONEY THEMSELVES. HOW CAN WE AFFORD THIS. is the first question naturally asked, and we will endeavor to answer it to your satisfaction. We either manufacture or have made to our order all the Articles we use as premiums in very large quantities, hence we are able to make a profit. Small, 'tis true, but it pays us and introduces our publications. We will also show any one answering this advertisement how they can make $300 PER MONTH EASILY AND HONESTLY.

The HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL contains 64 pages of Choice Stories, Sketches, Poems, Illustrated Fashion department, &c., and the regular subscription price is $2.00 per year. We refer to any Publishers in this City as to our responsibility, and agree to take back and refund money for any premium not found to be as represented. Sample copy of our Paper mailed for 10 cents.

Address, E. C. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.

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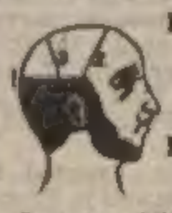

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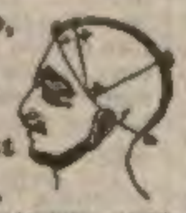

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 609 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AT the present moment buyers are busy in Paris, Lyons, and elsewhere preparing for the autumn and winter: it is still somewhat early to speak very definitely as to what the fashions really will be.

Woollen gowns are the special feature of autumn and winter seasons. Plain cloth will be used for a variety of serviceable dresses. They have been prepared with extra care, are shrunk and are to be bought in a very long list of colorings, which are not affected by rain, and are cheaper than heretofore. These superfine cloths will be worn as much for habits as dresses, for nowadays there is a great variety in the coloring of habits as gowns, and terra cotta is being patronised by fair equestrians, as well as China-blues and sea-greens. A new style of making cloth-dresses comes to us from France. A box plaited flounce borders the short skirt, the overdress opens up the front and is quite straight, meeting at the back from the neck in triple plaits; this is formed into long sleeves reaching to the flounce, the arm covered with a tight-fitting sleeve coming through the upper portion; the bodice is full and belted, with a ribbon fastened in a large bow at the side of the front.

Plain foules, serges, vicunas, cashmeres, and merinos are to be worn, as well as a few rich brocaded woollen and silk cloths, mixed with plain material, dark blues, plum, brown grey, together with terra-cotta, will be the favorite colors. Scotch stuffs both plaids and checks, are used by the tailors, especially the large checks, which require skilful matching; but the particular novelty of the manufacturers are the shaded striped tweeds. These ombre stripes are from 1½in. to 2in. wide, and are of two colorings, such as blue and gold, gold and brown, black and brown, the colors shut together as well as blending in the stripes. These are being made up as polonaises, jackets, and tunics, with plain tweed; and many plain materials have striped borderings. Tinsel is introduced into several winter fabrics, especially into the accompanying trimming—for example, a plain tweed with a bordering of coarse interplaited silk shot with gold.

If, however, we were asked for the special novelty of the season we should say fancy plush, which is used largely for trimming. First of all comes the plush rase, or terry plush, the pile standing up from a foundation striped with threads of a contrasting color, say blue or green on gold threads. In some lights the foundation is hardly seen, in others it presents a variety of effect. Four inches is the width most to be used in millinery, and some 18in. for mashes, which are to be had shaded and fringed, ready to tie round the hips. Stripes of distinct material are a feature of the new ribbons; those shaded the entire width are out of date. Many have alternate stripes of moire and plush, the moire sometimes shaded, and sometimes plain. Shot ribbons are now with the plain satin back and pearl edge. Some are a mixture of satin plush and moire; but there is a most decided feeling for moire, plain wide sash ribbon being sold entirely of moire. Some of the wide plush stripes are watered, being stamped with the watering like silk—a very novel effect. The brocaded ribbons have passed away, save where a lozenge shape brocade bordered with a silk thread is thrown on satin or moire; stripes of plaid are mixed with moire, and moire ribbons have many of them violet edges. Tartan and fancy plaid ribbons find a ready sale, and plush ribbons with a reverse of satin. Shot Merveilleux is new, and being soft and rich applies well to millinery. French velvet shot with colors is a novelty, but there is a difficulty in distinguishing the ground. Very vivid colorings are used in ribbons and in trimmings generally; also daring contrasts of color, greens and reds, golds and greens, and so on.

Watered silk is stylishly used for trimming black silk dresses. For instance with a round black silk waist, the neck draping, cuffs, and sash are of watered silk in stripes alternating with satin stripes. Round the neck, reaching to the waist on each side of the front, are three straight folds, so laid that the satin stripes are concealed, and the watered stripes are on the top. The sleeves have similar folds at the wrist. The sash bow at the back is of the striped material, cut in half, made with two wide loops, each half a yard long, and two long ends: these are closely strapped and sewed to a wide belt of three soft folds, making the stripes pass round the waist.

The darker materials are relieved by long gathered plastrons on the front of the bodice, and bindings to the flounce of some bright brocaded silk. A serviceable check tweed has two flounces of the material, headed with many drawings, and a scarf tunic above; gathered bodice, and small cape gathered on the shoulders. One of their rich silks had a tunic of shaded silk in brown and gold, covered with open-work embroidery. Woolen, silk and satin dresses are trimmed with new shaded striped velvets, and with ribbed and shaded plush in two colors, and with the new sealskin plush. Plush makers and lace makers must be reaping golden harvests. The novelty in laces are the terra cotta and other colored laces which match the dresses.

The new stockings are of plain colors, and often richly embroidered; embroidery and open-work ornamented the same stockings. The last idea in woolen stockings is the one rib, which is neater than the old two and one rib. The heels, too, are being additionally strengthened, as shoes are found to wear them out.

Dark furs are to be worn this winter, especially raccoon, which is inexpensive. Chinchilla is said to be coming in again. A novelty is a fur cape, with the trimming for the front of the mantle attached in the form of two straight tips, which are merely slightly fastened when put on, a weight at the lower end keeping them in their place.

Bands of marabout feather trimming, dyed red, brown, or green, to match the dresses, are costly, but most effective. Chenille fringes in every variety will be worn, and buttons made exactly like old coins, viz., battered silver, darkened bronze and copper, covered with verdigris.

The making of dresses has gone through some variations. The skirts are wider and are all short. Two yards and a half is now the usual width; puffings take a variety of forms; flounces cut on the straight and gathered, so forming a heading, are occasionally replaced by a series of puffs to the waist some two inches wide. The bodices are made as jackets in thick materials, thinner ones are gathered and belted. The tunics are longer, and more irregular in their draping; for, except in the case of scarf tunic, two sides are rarely alike, and they are much trimmed with fancy plushes. Waistcoats are introduced on many bodices; a novelty are thick coarse linen waistcoats, with serge dresses, and rich white muslin embroidery is usual as a trimming on serge. Many of the sleeves are laced with plush piping. Large sashes on the back appear on many winter dresses.

Evening dresses are made of soft silk and nun's cloth; trimmed with a profusion of lace.

The camargo, is again a popular mode, but the style of this bodice varies greatly. Still, the name camargo is given to every bodice where the paniers replace the ordinary basque. Bodices are pleated or gathered, are pointed, or have round waists. They are made with very high collars, or cut open in various shapes, and lastly are made with the corselet laced in front or at the back, or buttoned, pointed in front, and finished at the back by two large "postillion loops," all the edges corded with color in the old style; in fact, the real corselet has returned to favor, and is a novelty. Thus we have ample choice for our corsages, and it is our own fault if the styles most becoming are not selected.

Fireside Chat.

THE USE OF THE ONION.

SO little do we as a people know of that vegetable tabooed in polite society, the onion, that we bestow not upon it that measure of esteem in which the Levant holds it. But how manifold are its virtues! Near the Orient, its birth-place, it serves like cheese in England, and apples in Brittany, as the relish to whatever form of farinaceous food constitutes the food of the laboring population of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Egypt, Morocco, and Arabia.

The palm of popularity is disputed in Southern Europe by the garlic, and in France by the leek.

Garlic, which grows wild in Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, has been used from earliest ages as a medicine and condiment.

Its oil of allyl, (chemically designated sulphuret of allyl), is quickly absorbed after eating and pervades every part of the body, its presence being unmistakable in the secretions.

Many persons express an aversion to the taste and odor of garlic who have never tasted it and could not identify it as a vegetable, but the same individuals would miss the pungency it imparts to certain dishes of European origin and its slightly stimulating effect. So carefully should it be employed in cookery that only a clove or part of a clove is admissible in quite a large dish; for instance, a single clove, which is one of the small divisions of the garlic bulb, if placed in the flesh near the shank bone of a leg of mutton before it is roasted and then removed before it is served, will give it a flavor acceptable but indescribable. Or if, in carving, the blade of the knife is rubbed with a cut clove of garlic a delicate flavor of the vegetable will be imparted. Rocham-bole or Danish garlic, sometimes called rye bulb, because it grows in rye fields, is larger than ordinary garlic, but has the same flavor; both varieties of garlic are cooked for the table by first blanching them in boiling water or by changing several times the water in which they are cooked, and then serving them on toast, accompanied by a white sauce. The same pungent oil of allyl, which gives character to garlic and onions, is present also in shallots or eschalots, mustard, horse radish, leeks, chives, and asafœtida.

The last named vegetable is used as a food in some parts of India when first grown, and its flavor predominates in many dishes dear to the hearts of Asian epicures.

The shallot is a small onion of intense odor, which separates in cloves like garlic, and plays a prominent part in French cookery as a flavoring. Its use is especially to be marked in sauces, gravies, and salads, but it is often eaten stewed in broth or gravy.

The leek, or flag onion, is similarly employed, and invariably enter into the composition of French soups. Its excellence as a table vegetable is yet to be learned by us. Its origin, like that of the onion, is lost in the mists of antiquity. In the books of Greek and Roman cookery which have come down to these latter days all these vegetables are mentioned as being frequently employed, as also are chives; the last named grow freely in close tufts, which may be cut near the ground every few days and yet afford an abundant supply during the summer season, or longer if sheltered from cold.

While all these vegetables are excellent in general cookery as flavorings, the onion stands pre-eminent as a table vegetable. Apart from its flavor it possesses medicinal virtues of a marked character. When eaten in moderation it stimulates the circulatory system and the secretions, and the consequent increase of the saliva, and the gastric juice promotes digestion.

The large red variety is an excellent diuretic, and two or three small white onions are recommended by Buckland to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are slightly tonic, and to a certain degree nutritious.

Since cooking deprives them of some of their volatile oil, and a little parsley dipped in vinegar and eaten after them partly overcomes the odor they impart to the breath, surely their virtues may plead for their more frequent use, especially as an adjunct to other articles of food. Mild and sweet in their native Orient, they are smaller and more pungent as they are transplanted to colder regions.

The onions of Valencia and Bermuda surpass our own in sweetness and succulence, but we have many excellent sorts, which bear local names, given in accordance with their size, flavor, and season.

A few may be mentioned in such general terms as will serve to distinguish them in purchasing.

The yellow onion is mild in flavor and an excellent keeper; a rather large, light-red onion, streaked with green, is juicy and sweet, but, because less solid than some other sorts, does not keep so well; a dark red variety, large, strongly flavored, keeps well, and is remarkable for its diuretic properties.

The small, white pickling onions are true silver-skins, sown late in the spring in rather poor soil, in order to dwarf them; the mature silver-skins make the nicest pickles when they have been cooked for five minutes in salted boiling water, and then thrown into cold water for half an hour, while the vinegar to be used with them is being scalded with spices; they are drained from the water when quite cold, placed in glass or earthen jars, and covered with the scalding vinegar; and after remaining for twenty-four hours the vinegar is again scalded and poured again upon the onions, when the jar containing them is tightly closed from the air.

A soup made from onions is regarded by the French, as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs. It is made by frying golden brown half a dozen sliced onions in sufficient butter to prevent burning, with a teaspoonful of sugar; two quarts of clear soup are next added to the onions, together with a bouquet of sweet herbs and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper; these ingredients are allowed to simmer gently together for about quarter of an hour while some slices of bread are being toasted and placed in the soup tureen; the bouquet of herbs is then removed, and the broth and onions poured upon the bread, when the soup is served hot.

Two other preparations of onions may be mentioned as excellent. One of onions and one of eggs is made by peeling and cutting Valencia onions in slices about quarter of an inch thick, seasoning them with salt and pepper, frying them until tender, without burning, in butter; they are then transferred to a hot dish with a skimmer, a lemon is squeezed over them, and half a dozen poached eggs are laid upon them.

A German dish of onions and cheese is made by placing half-inch slices of large onions in a buttered baking-dish seasoning them with pepper and salt, and cooking them just tender in a hot oven. They are then arranged on a dish without breaking; a little grated cheese, preferably Parmesan, is dusted over them, and the dish is returned to the oven long enough to slightly melt the cheese, when it is ready to serve.

Are not these dishes novel enough to tempt fastidious eaters? If not, let them ponder upon the wish of a well-known wit, who loves fair women and onions. Quoth he: "Oh, if I could but find a woman who loves onions as I do! I would have her eat all she desired, and then—stand in the middle of the street until the rose returned to her breath."

Correspondence.

P. S., (Mobile, Ala.)—Certainly not.

INQUIRER, (Philadphia, Pa.)—He can be tried for high treason, the conviction for which is death.

ED, (Shannon, Ill.)—There are many medical books for family use, but we do not know any of the title you mention.

GEO H., (Clinton, Iowa.)—Shrove-Tuesday last fell on the 29th of February in the year 1724, and will next do so in the year 2068.

SUB, (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—You will find the meaning in a recent back number of the POST. 2. Your writing is very good and easily read.

THESPIS, (Wilmington, N. C.)—Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, author of "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "William Tell," etc., was once a Baptist preacher.

NORA, (Hardin, O.)—You ask, "Can any one be in love with two persons at the same time?" We answer "Certainly not." Love is not love when it can be divided between two objects.

GRANT, (Campbell, Ky.)—St. Paul discourses of marriage, and says that the state is blessed, that a man loves his wife as he loves himself; that he must for her leave father and mother, and they two shall be so closely bound together that the "two shall be one flesh." This should tell your duty.

ALLIE, (Du Page.)—The Walkiri is a central figure in German mythology. She possesses the chastity of Diana, together with the love of the chase and the warlike propensities of Bellona. She is ever represented in warlike attire, with a barbed spear in her hand, feathers in her hair, and shield-like plates formed of precious metals as ornaments.

READER, (Cumberland, N.J.)—Antinomians was the name first applied by Luther to John Agricola and his followers, in 1538. The Antinomians trust in the gospel, and not in their deeds; and hold that crimes are not crimes when committed by them; that their own good works are of no good effect; that no man should be troubled in conscience for sin, and other doctrines.

C. G., (Taylor, W. Va.)—Brass is melted in crucibles in a specially constructed furnace. We believe that it is the practice to add a little zinc to replace any loss of that metal, which always becomes oxidized when brass is melted. Tin may be melted over a gentle fire in a ladle. If it is to be kept in the molten state long, a little tallow should be placed on the surface. Of course it must not be hot enough to burn the tallow.

JEANETTE, (Claiborne, La.)—There is no doubt but that you will know at once when you are in love. Fancies make no lasting impression—real love takes fast hold of the heart and abides there. You will know that you are in love when you esteem some one highly, when you admire him, when you regard him as best of all, when you are happy in his company and unhappy when he is absent. Love is so subtle a passion that it is difficult to define it, but there is very little doubt about your discovering its presence when once it has found a lodgment in your heart.

RESIGJIRO, (Vernon, Wis.)—It is not pleasant to be compelled to act so on the defensive against a neighbor's livestock; but, if nothing else can be done, why not put a netting about three feet deep round the ground? This will keep the fowls out. Do not resort to poisons or traps. They are nasty things to play with, and, even if laid specially on your own land or premises, it would be difficult to avoid litigation should any of the stock be caught or killed. A netting would not cost much, and would probably answer every purpose, rendering the measures already taken sufficiently protective. We can quite understand the annoyance you suffer—and these small matters often make life very heavy and weary work; but kill the animosity in those around you by studious courtesy, and avoid quarreling.

NELLY GRAY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is usual for the hostess or some deputy to introduce a gentleman, who wishes it, to a lady with whom he is desirous of dancing with at a party. It would have been proper for him to go through this form. Whether you should now be civil to him or not "depends." You do not say whether you danced with him or not, and if you did what kind of a dance it was; whether you were held at arms' length throughout, or more nearly supported like a "babe in arms." But we have no opinion on a delicate matter like this that is worth anything. Whether he is good-looking or not, well-connected or not, engaged or not, whether your chances are good or not—all these considerations, we fear, will practically enter the determination of a point like this; and so we can only say to you—what possibly, if you treat him well, you may have cause to be glad of it.

S. R., (West Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is not known when glass was first made. Pliny states that glass was originally discovered by some Phœnician mariners who, having landed on the banks of a small stream in Palestine, and finding no stones to rest their pots on, placed some masses of nitrum (supposed to be soda) under them, which being fused by the heat with the sand of the river "produced a liquid and transparent stream." This statement is not now generally accepted as showing the origin of glass, as it is held that a stronger heat than could be obtained from an open fire would be required to produce such a result. It has been established with certainty that the art of glass making was practised among the Egyptians at a very early period, say three thousand years B. C. This is shown by paintings found on a tomb of that date, representing Egyptian glass-blowers at work with blowpipes very similar to those in use at the present day.

HUNTER, (Camden, N. J.)—Heat is a phenomenon produced in substances. The atmosphere of a room is a substance, and, as it is surrounded by walls, it is limited, while the general atmosphere outside is of greater extent and comparatively unlimited. Moreover, the outside atmosphere is more disturbed by currents of air and wind than that of the room, and ever changing, whereas the atmosphere of the room changes less frequently and therefore more slowly. It follows from these and other considerations that the sun's rays, shining into a room, may make its atmosphere warmer than they make the atmosphere outside. This, however, is not always the case. The glass is simply a medium through which the rays pass without greatly affecting it. Still the glass of a window sometimes becomes very hot, particularly if the composition of the glass or the irregularities of its structure are such as to refract the rays instead of simply transmitting them. The normal temperature of the blood is practically—though not absolutely—the same in all climates, nearly 98 Fahr.